

THE CRITIC.

Literature, art, music, science, and the drama.

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ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

September 10.—AUTUMN SHOW.
October 8, 9, and 10.—INTERNATIONAL FRUIT, VEGETABLE, ROOT, CEREAL, AND GOURD SHOW.
During the Summer the Inauguration of the Memorial of the Exhibition of 1851 is expected to take place.
The next Election of Fellows, August 1st.

THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.—The Society invites the attention of all persons interested in EARLY ITALIAN ART to the EXHIBITION of their COLLECTION of DRAWINGS and PUBLICATIONS, which may be seen daily at 24, Old Bond-street, W.
For particulars, and List of Works on Sale, apply to Mr. F. W. MAYNARD, Assistant-Secretary.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—The ANNUAL MEETING, to be held at Worcester, will commence on Tuesday, July 22, concluding on July 29.
President—The Right Hon. LORD LYTTELTON, Lord Lieutenant of Worcestershire.
Programmes of the general arrangements, excursions, &c., may be obtained at the Office of the Institute in London, 26, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall, East.
THOMAS PURNELL, Assistant-Secretary.

NATIONAL MOVEMENT in ITALY.
J. SALE PARKER, Esq., will deliver TWO LECTURES, at the Marylebone Library and Scientific Institution, on the RISE and PROGRESS of the NATIONAL MOVEMENT in ITALY, on the EVENINGS of THURSDAY, the 17th and 24th July. The Lecture will commence each evening at Half-past Eight o'clock precisely. Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats and Gallery, 1s.
The proceeds of the Lectures to be devoted to the Garibaldi Fund.
Tickets to be had at Mr. WESTERTON'S Library, Knightsbridge; Mr. EFFINGHAM WILSON'S Royal Exchange; the Marylebone Institution, 17, Edwards-street, Portman-square.

THE PRESS.

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Apply by letter to "W. O." (No. 626), 10, Wellington-street, Strand, London, W.C.

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Address "M. A." (No. 625), CRITIC Office.

THE ARTS.

O. G. RYLANDER'S PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO (for Portraits and Art Studies), at 5, Haymarket.

LIVERPOOL ACADEMY.—The THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the LIVERPOOL ACADEMY will OPEN early in SEPTEMBER NEXT.
Works of Art intended for Exhibition will be received (subject to the regulations of the Academy's Circular), by Mr. Green, 14, Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, until the 9th of August; and at the Academy's Rooms, Old Post-office-place, Church-street, Liverpool, until the 16th of August.
102, Islington-square, JAMES T. EGLINTON, Secretary.

ARTISTS' COLOURS.—Messrs. G. ROWNEY and Co. have the pleasure to announce the completion of their NEW SYSTEM of GRINDING COLOURS by MACHINE, which enables them to supply Artists' Colours in Oil, Water, or Powder, perfectly fine, at the same prices as hitherto charged for colours less finely ground. Messrs G. R. and Co. feel assured the Oil Colours ground by their improved process will be found to be finer, brighter, less oily, and to dry quicker than any others at present manufactured, and that their Water-Colours, prepared by the same process, will prove to be finer, brighter, and to float more evenly without granulation than any other colours at present manufactured.
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Comprising, among other Works of distinguished rarity and interest, Coverdale's Bible, first edition, and other rare Versions of the Holy Scriptures—Chronicle of England, printed at St. Albans, on vellum—Higden's Polychronicon, by Caxton and Trevelyan—Capgrave, Legenda Anglie, by Wynkin de Worde—Early Pieces, by Tyndale, Frith, and other Reformers—The Gospels in Anglo-Saxon, by Day—Parker, De Antiquitate Ecclesie Britannice, original edition—First Edition of King Edward VIth's Prayer Book—Gawin Douglas's Translation of Virgil, by Copland, and other early Poetical Volumes—Shakespeare's Plays, third edition—Holand's Jostlogia and Hero-logia—Homer's Opera, editio princeps—Important Series of Works in English History, Chronic &c.—Antiquarian Publications of T. Hearne—Holme's Academy of Armory—Miles's Theatre of Honor, large paper—Anderson's House of Every—Lord Coningsby's Manor of Marden, and other privately-printed Works—Early Voyages—Books relating to America—Superb Collection of Works on Natural History, including Mr. Gould's magnificent series on Ornithology—Dr. Dibdin's well-known Bibliographical and Picturesque Publications—a few splendid Manuscripts, including a very fine Illuminated Latin Bible—Books of Hours—Original Visitation of the County of York by Sir W. Dugdale—Correspondence of Lord Dacre relating to Border History in the Time of Henry VIII.—Autograph Letters of Royal and illustrious personages—Chinese and Hindoo Drawings of the highest class, &c.—Catalogues are now ready, and may be had on receipt of twelve postage-stamps.

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P. S. The Proprietor and Head Master will be at 32A, York-street, Portman-square, London, to meet any ladies or gentlemen who may desire an interview, on the 12th and 19th of this month, between the hours of 12 and 3 p.m.

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FULL particulars of the following Appointments Offered are entered on the *Gratuitous Educational Registry*. This Registry may be inspected, or further particulars will be supplied to applicants by letter, without payment of any fee. Address the *GRATUITOUS EDUCATIONAL REGISTRY, Critic Office*, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

Notice.—Applicants by letter should quote the number of the "Box" in each case, to facilitate reference; and also inclose two stamps for the reply.

ENGLISH MASTER. to teach geography and mapping, English reading, spelling, grammar, including analogy and composition, and to take part in the superintendence of boys out of school. Must be a good disciplinarian, of experience, and capable of managing a large number of boys easily. Salary 30*l.*, with board and lodging. Must be unmarried. Locality Hampshire. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6008, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

MASTER for a grammar-school in the dio. of Barbadoes. Salary 250*l.*, with residence. One educated at St. Mark's or Battersea College preferred. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6010, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

MASTER in a small school in the south of England, competent to teach drawing in various styles, and good English. To one able to instruct also in middle classics, mathematics, and music (optional), a liberal salary will be given. Must be a Protestant. Applicants to name salary, &c. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6012, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

PRIVATE TUTOR, to educate a youth 9 years of age; must be an unmarried clergyman of the Church of England and with no extreme views, also a graduate of Oxford with honours; an Etonian preferred. Salary 100*l.*, a furnished residence, and perhaps permission to perform the service in a neighbouring church, for which 60*l.* extra would be given. Locality Yorkshire. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6014, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

SENIOR CLASSICAL MASTER in a Devonshire school. A Title can be given, but a Priest will be preferred. Must be a Graduate in honours. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6016, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

TUTOR. A clergyman requires the services of a gentlemanly young man, not under 23, to teach the middle and lower classics, algebra, arithmetic, writing, &c., and to assist in the French department. Salary 35*l.*, board and lodging. Locality Kent. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6018, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

ASSISTANT CLASSICAL MASTER, in a Dorset grammar school. Must be a graduate of one of the Universities. Salary 100*l.*, with permission to take boarders. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6020, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

ASSISTANT MASTER in a Warwickshire grammar school. Must be qualified to teach German and writing thoroughly, and to take part in the routine of the school. He will also have to take care, at stated times, of the head master's boarders. Salary 100*l.*, with board and lodging. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6022, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

ASSISTANT MASTER for the junior classes, in an orphan school. A graduate of Cambridge preferred. Salary 30*l.*, with room, board, and laundry, locality Kent. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6024, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

ASSISTANT MASTER in a grammar school. A Graduate of Cambridge (Junior Opt. or First-class Poll.) is required. A Title with very light duty could be obtained. Locality Dorset. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6026, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

ENGLISH JUNIOR ASSISTANT (age about 20), in a small school. Must be able to instruct in writing, drawing, and the usual English subjects. Applicants to state age, salary, &c. Locality Essex. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6028, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

RESIDENT ASSISTANT MASTERSHIP. Candidates must be graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, and of some experience in tuition. Locality Rutland. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6030, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

JUNIOR ASSISTANT for two or three hours a day in an establishment near Notting Hill. Requirements, general English and Junior Latin. Drawing desirable. Address, stating terms, inclosing two stamps, Box 6032, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

GOVERNESS in a respectable ladies' boarding school, to teach French (grammatically and conversationally); also the rudiments of German, dancing, and needlework. Locality near Bristol. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6034, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

GOVERNESS in a clergyman's family in the country, to instruct three girls (the eldest 14 years of age) in English, French, music, and drawing. Must be a lady of pious principles, of some experience, of a cheerful disposition, and not less than 23 years of age. Locality Norfolk. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6036, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

DAILY GOVERNESS, in the vicinity of Westbourne-terrace, to take charge of four little girls, 12, 11, 9, and 7 years of age. Time required from nine a.m. to seven p.m. Must possess a thorough knowledge of music and French. As the two elder children are pupils in M. Roche's classes, a lady acquainted with that system would be preferred. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6038, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

DAILY GOVERNESS in a gentleman's family residing at Acton. Must be competent to instruct young children in the rudiments of English, French, Latin, music, and drawing. Applicants to give full particulars. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6040, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

ENGLISH GOVERNESS in a select establishment at Brighton. A lady not under 30 years of age, and who has had considerable experience in school discipline, is required. Applicant to state salary, &c. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6042, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

GOVERNESS, for three girls, to teach Junior German and drawing, music, French, &c. Salary 20*l.*. Applicants to state age, &c. Locality Sussex. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6044, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

ENGLISH TEACHER in a ladies' school near London, to assist generally in school routine and take charge of pupils during absence of principal. Salary moderate, as masters attend. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6046, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

SECOND ENGLISH TEACHER in a first-class ladies' establishment. A lady who would consider board, laundress, and further instruction in music and drawing, an equivalent for her services, is sought. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6048, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

FRENCH or SWISS PROTESTANT GOVERNESS, who can be very well recommended. She would have the care and education of two children, 6 and 7 years of age. Locality Hampshire. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6050, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A FRENCH PROTESTANT LADY, of decided piety and experience in the teaching and general surveillance of a school, will be required after the Midsummer holidays. Locality Devon. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6052, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

NURSERY GOVERNESS, to instruct three young children (eldest 10), and take the entire charge of wardrobe. Good French and music indispensable. A Swiss or French Protestant would be accepted if able to instruct in English. Salary from 16*l.* to 20*l.*. Locality Northants. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6054, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED.

Full particulars of the following Appointments Wanted are entered on the *Gratuitous Educational Registry*. This Registry may be inspected, or further particulars will be supplied to applicants by letter, without payment of any fee. Address the *GRATUITOUS EDUCATIONAL REGISTRY, Critic Office*, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

Notice.—Applicants by letter should quote the number of the "Box" in each case, to facilitate reference; and also inclose two stamps for reply.

AS ENGLISH and WRITING MASTER. Has had seven years' experience in tuition, and is competent to teach French, Euclid, and Junior Latin. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,551, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS ENGLISH, DRAWING, and MATHEMATICAL MASTER, by a gentleman of strict, regular habits, who has been a successful teacher for several years, and is a good disciplinarian. He teaches also arithmetic, book-keeping, French, field measuring, writing, fortification, &c. Good testimonials. Age 24. Salary from 50*l.* to 70*l.*, if resident. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,553, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS MASTER of a National or Parochial school, or RESIDENT ASSISTANT in a private one. Advertiser is 24 years of age, has been trained as a teacher, and is in the possession of a first-class premium with certificate attached, obtained at one of the diocesan examinations. Has had six years' experience, and can give excellent references. Salary from 24*l.* with board, &c., to 52*l.*, with residence. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,555, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS MASTER in a school, or TUTOR in a family, by the son of a beneficed clergyman deceased. Teaches English, the rudiments of Latin and Greek, junior French, Euclid (all books), Model or Perspective drawing, &c. Has some knowledge of algebra and trigonometry. Two years' experience. Salary 30*l.* to 35*l.*. Age 20*l.*. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,557, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AN OXFORD B.A., and Fellow of his college, is going to reside for the winter at Nice, and wishes to meet with pupils. He has been educated at a public school, and had some experience in tuition. Age 24. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,559, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS PROFESSOR of Drawing, Fortification, Perspective, Geometrical Drawing, and Painting in Water and Oils. Advertiser has been for seven years a student of the Royal Academy, and possesses considerable experience in teaching, and in the discipline of boys. Age 28. Salary not less than 80*l.*, if non-resident. In or near London preferred. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,561, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS PROFESSOR of French, German, and Latin, by a young Swiss gentleman who has passed a Swiss States' examination (equal to the degree of B.A.). Has had eight years' experience in tuition, and possesses excellent testimonials. Is able and would not object to teach Greek, if required; also gymnastics. Salary from 80*l.* to 90*l.*. Resident or non-resident, in a school or family. Knows English thoroughly. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,563, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS PRIVATE TUTOR in a gentleman's family during the long vacation, by an exhibitor of his college (Cambridge). Is capable of teaching classics and elementary mathematics. Good testimonials can be obtained. Has resided at Cambridge for three terms. Salary at the rate of 100*l.* per annum. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,565, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

PRIVATE PUPILS. St. Leonard's-on-the-Sea. A married gentleman, assisted by superior tutors and professors, receives a few pupils, and prepares for the public schools, Indian appointments, and the Universities. The greatest attention to health and domestic comfort, so very desirable for delicate boys. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,567, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS PAROCHIAL SCHOOLMASTER, in or near London. Has had ten years' experience, possesses good testimonials, and can give unexceptionable references. Age 24. Is married, and would not object to a mixed school. His wife is certificated. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,569, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS RESIDENT or NON-RESIDENT MASTER, if in a public school preferred. Applicant is 27 years of age, the son of a beneficed clergyman, possesses excellent testimonials, and has had several years' experience. Teaches English generally, French (acquired in Paris), all branches of drawing, and commercial subjects. Salary 70*l.*, if resident, 100*l.*, if non-resident. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,571, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

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12 Tea Spoons	0 16 0	1 2 0	1 5 0	1 7 0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls	0 10 0	0 13 0	0 15 0	0 15 0
2 Sauce Ladles	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 9 0	0 9 6
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2 Sult Spoons, gilt bowls	0 3 0	0 4 0	0 5 0	0 5 0
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bowl	0 1 6	0 2 3 0	0 2 6 0	0 2 6 0
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs	0 2 6 0	0 3 6 0	0 4 0 0	0 4 6 0
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NOTES OF THE MONTH.

UNDER THE HEADING of "The Oxford Professoriate," the *Saturday Review* of last week published a bitter attack upon a gentleman about whom the writer had the candour to confess he knew nothing whatever. Mr. MONTAGU BURROWS's sole offence appears to have been his election to the Chichele Professorship of Modern History, for which professorship at least two *protégés* of the *Saturday Review* were also candidates. But as no real charge could be brought against Mr. BURROWS's fitness for the post, it was necessary to invent one. This it was not very easy to do, as Mr. BURROWS had taken high honours in the classical schools, as well as in those of modern history at Oxford. He had further shown his fitness for the professorship in question by having proved himself to be one of the most successful private tutors in Oxford. Mr. BURROWS, too, was not a young man just fresh from the schools, as he had been a captain in the Royal Navy previously to becoming an Oxford undergraduate. Here then was apparently everything that could be described in a professor; high scholarship, united with a knowledge of the world, and a freedom from those petty prejudices which a close and lengthy residence within the cloisters of Oxford sometimes engenders. But Mr. BURROWS, in his capacity of private tutor had written a little book called "Pass and Class." The book is not, and was, doubtless, not intended by its author to be, a philosophical criticism on Oxford education. It is, nevertheless, a very practical little work, just such as might have been expected from a hard-working Oxford tutor, thoroughly intimate with the weak points of youths fresh from our public schools. It points out intelligently and carefully to the future candidates for the honour and pass examinations what books they should read, and in what way they may best read those books. The aim of the writer may not be a very lofty one, but his book will probably have an effect upon the whole life of many a future Oxford student; that is to say, Mr. BURROWS's advice, if followed, will in not a few cases probably enable a man to take a first instead of a second or even third class. It warns each candidate earnestly against desultory reading, tells him how the elements of certain sciences may be most readily acquired, and in several cases gives solid reasons for rejecting one popular text-book and accepting another. As we believe that there is much more routine in the preparation for an Oxford first class than is generally supposed, and as we know that college tutors have often neither the time nor the opportunity for aiding the under-graduates of their society in the special points indicated in Mr. BURROWS's volume, we confess we think "Pass and Class" (though it is doubtless susceptible of some improvements) a very useful, if not a very ambitious work. Yet its authorship is the sole head and front of Mr. BURROWS's offending. That authorship has emboldened the *Saturday Review* to pronounce Mr. BURROWS's election to the Chichele Professorship "a startling breach of trust," and as unjustifiably to pronounce that "each of the electors has been guilty of a gross breach of duty."

We shall not further touch upon the scurrility of the *Saturday Review* in its attack upon Mr. BURROWS than to briefly comment upon one sentence. We are told of the Chichele Professorship: "It would have been strange if there had been no eminent men among the candidates for such a chair. At least one distinguished historian, and at least one brilliant essayist, were glad to offer themselves for the honourable position enjoyed by an Oxford professor; and there was at least one student who might justly have looked upon one of the most lucrative chairs in the university as a fair reward for the

devotion of many years to the successful study of the monuments of early history." Now we do not profess a very accurate acquaintance with the names of the gentlemen who were candidates for the Professorship against Mr. BURROWS, but we believe we are right in asserting that, "the distinguished historian" mentioned by the *Saturday Review* was Mr. FROUDE. We may as well say at once that we believe Mr. FROUDE to be in every way greatly the intellectual superior of Mr. BURROWS, but we must add that, in our opinion, it would have been indeed a "startling breach of trust" on the parts of the electors to have made the author of "The Nemesis of Faith" an Oxford professor. Whether "the brilliant essayist," whose candidature is mentioned by the *Saturday Review*, be Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH or a gentleman who has published certain average essays, selected from the leading reviews and periodicals, we know not; but in either case, we see no reason whatever to regret Mr. BURROWS's success. Even the *Saturday Review* seems to have somewhat recovered his equanimity on second thoughts, as his last sentence closes thus: "We are far from doubting that he [Mr. BURROWS] will find useful work in connection with his chair, which he will be able to do excellently well."

Elsewhere in our columns will be found a report of the first annual celebration dinner given by the Acclimatisation Society of Great Britain. The design was a bold one; but it was carried out with spirit, and cannot be otherwise than beneficial to the society. Taking advantage of the great international collection of matters at South Kensington (eatables and drinkables included) the council of the society determined to do their best to lay before their guests, not only those special dishes which should illustrate the labours of the society, but also some of the most famous delicacies from all parts of the globe. In this they perfectly succeeded, and a dinner was got together, such as in all probability was never given before, and perhaps may not be possible again. When before did the birds'-nest soup of China, and the tripong of Japan, meet with the semoule of Africa, and the mock-turtle of England? When did the kangaroo compete for the honours of *gourmandise* with the wild boar of Spain, and the fowls of Central America? Scarcely a part of the world was unrepresented. The East sent delicacies to vie with those of the West. The dishes especially intended to illustrate the efforts of the society (such as the Chinese lamb, the curassow, and the *Discorea Batatas*) were among the most sought after of all the comestibles offered. In every way the occasion was a remarkable one, and certainly not the least satisfactory circumstance in the whole affair was the numerous and influential character of the attendance which assembled to do honour to this cosmopolitan banquet.

Of course, such a thing as this would be of little importance if it were not significant and indicative of what remains behind. It is because the dinner is a proof of the vitality and prosperity of the Acclimatisation Society that we hail it with satisfaction. The mere fact that such a dinner could be planned and carried out with such marked success is of itself a guarantee that the society is thoroughly in earnest in its operations. It required both great opportunities and the energy to use them to do this thing, and those who were present could feel no doubt whatever that the machinery which had been adequate to collect together delicate dishes from all parts of the habitable globe was fully competent to carry out to full success the modest experiments which the Council of the Society (having regard to their as yet most modest means) propose to try. It cannot be hoped, indeed, nor, perhaps, need it be desired, that the rare dishes of remote countries should all become common here; but there can be no doubt that other lands have many things which will be welcome additions to the food of the nation, and that some of them may be permanently secured to us by the agency of the Acclimatisation Society. That this excellent Society will receive all that full measure of public support which it deserves we cannot for one moment doubt.

The Hammam, or Turkish Bath, erected for the London and Provincial Turkish Bath Company, in Jermyn-street, is announced to be opened to the general public next Tuesday. On Thursday (to-morrow), Friday, and Saturday it will open to invited guests, and on Monday to ladies only. On Tuesday, those of the public who are desirous of becoming acquainted with the institution of the Hot Air Bath (the only reasonable mode of cleansing the body known) may now do so for the first time. All the baths hitherto opened to the public under the name of the Turkish Bath have been more or less defective. Imperfectly ventilated, imperfectly arranged, imperfectly served, they have spread about an incalculable amount of misapprehension on the subject; they have done very much more harm than good; and (to quote the words of Mr. URQUHART) they have only been useful in showing what the Bath is not. Of the new Bath we can speak confidently. As a mere building it is incomparably beautiful. London does not contain its like, considering the style. The beautiful floors and arches of brickwork; the dome of solid brickwork, twenty-six feet span, and lit with beautifully arranged stars of coloured light; the "dim religious light" of the hot rooms; the purity of the washing-rooms; the cool plunge swimming tank; the cold room, with its exquisite Oriental carpentry, and decorations; the marble fountain plashing and playing in the midst; the comfortable divans; the free ventilation everywhere; the scent of flowers surrounding the swim-

ming-tank; all these combine to give an assurance that at last, after a lapse of nearly two thousand years Great Britain once more possesses the Bath which Imperial Rome brought to her shores—the Bath with which, aided by the Gymnasium, Rome conquered the world. Let those who are willing go and judge for themselves what this thing is, and then ask themselves—and themselves only—Is it good or bad?

Mr. BRADBURY (*soi-disant* QUALLON), in the recriminating letter to Mr. YATES, which we have alluded to elsewhere, quotes in his favour the opinion of the CRITIC (among other judges) as to the merits of his poetry. As we have not seen the composition which Mr. YATES (in kindness, as he says—and it is very possible) confided to the Balaam-box of the *Temple Bar Magazine*, we are unable to give any relevant evidence of the matter. We have, on occa-

sions, given Mr. BRADBURY that meed of praise for the efforts of his muse which justice tempered with kindness—and in dealing with humble talent we have always endeavoured to mingle largely of the latter element—seemed to demand. We cheerfully admit that Mr. BRADBURY has written much that is not absolutely bad, and that is something nowadays; but it is also very possible that he has written something that amply deserved rejection—indeed, when we notice the execrable bad taste, and worse style, of his two letters on the subject, it seems highly probable that he has done so. To impute personal motives to Mr. YATES, in the independent exercise of his difficult and always (as we see) thankless functions, is so utterly indefensible, that however we may have been ready to encourage the early flutterings of Mr. BRADBURY'S muse, we cannot do otherwise than condemn him.

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

ITALIAN SCULPTURE.

Italian Sculpture of the Middle Ages and Period of the Revival of Art.
By J. C. ROBINSON, F.S.A., Superintendent of the Art Collections of the South Kensington Museum. Chapman and Hall. 8vo. pp. 189.

THIS VOLUME is one of the official publications of the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education, and forms, in fact, the descriptive catalogue of the examples illustrative of Italian sculpture contained in the Museum. It owes its existence mainly to the necessity for bringing into notice the recent purchase of the celebrated collection formed by Sig. Campana, of Rome, or rather that portion of it which Mr. Robinson was sent to Rome to procure, and which he succeeded so adroitly in obtaining. So important an addition to the museum, and one that cost something like 6000*l.*, could hardly be made without giving the public a full descriptive account of the costly objects, and Mr. Robinson has seized the opportunity of making a sectional catalogue of all the Italian sculpture in the museum, combining with it condensed histories of the principal sculptors' lives, and lists of their chief works, and the places where they are to be found; some general remarks upon the subject of sculptural art being given in an introduction, and outlines of several of the more prominent examples which serve to illustrate the distinctive characteristics of the different masters and the style of their time. These drawings, if not always as correct in representing the style of the masters as they might have been, are useful for recalling the objects, and considering the very moderate price charged for the book, are really very tolerable illustrations, perhaps nothing better is to be obtained commonly except by photographs, and these, we observe, are sold with the catalogue if required.

Mr. Robinson explains the absence of any examples of antique sculpture at South Kensington, in saying "that it is the intimate connection of Mediæval and Renaissance sculpture with the decorative arts in general, which clearly indicates this museum as the proper repository for this class of the national acquisitions; consequently the collection should be regarded as part of a methodic series following the antique sculptures of the British Museum, to be eventually continued down to our own time, so as to form a complete collection of what, in contradistinction to the similarly general term *antique*, may be fitly designated *modern sculpture*." It is a noticeable defect in the South Kensington collection that the antique styles, both of ornament and sculpture of the figure, are not represented. It would seem that the directors of the museum are rather disposed to ignore antique art altogether, as they make so little use of it for the education of their students. If the British Museum and the South Kensington Museum were likely to be speedily combined in the one grand national gallery of art, which has been so often pictured to us, we might be disposed to overlook the incompleteness which at present exists, and the absurdity of supposing that students can learn to discriminate styles properly and easily by making the comparison one day at the British Museum and another at South Kensington. In our opinion, the examples of antique art are richer in material for teaching the principles of the Decorative arts than the Mediæval and Renaissance styles; which, in fact, were the result chiefly of study of the more ancient forms of art. It may be a question also whether the want of a due enforcement of the lessons to be learnt from Greek art has not led to the production of so much of the very bad ornament and ill-regulated style which is everywhere apparent in our public buildings and manufactures. We have not to read far into Mr. Robinson's introductory remarks to find that the estimate of the antique which he holds is not a very exalted or a very practical one, though his language is so qualified that it looks as if he were himself rather dubious of his own opinion. He says, in reference to museums of sculpture: "These are almost entirely confined to ancient art. The especial reverence for classical antiquity which in former times so exclusively prevailed, invested, indeed, every fragment, even the most trivial, with a sentimental importance, and thus an overstrained and unreasoning reverence for the antique, as the only sculpture worthy of serious consideration, grew

up, and has maintained its ground to a great extent even to our own day. But a change of feeling in many respects, doubtless to be deplored, has of late shown itself, especially in this country, in respect to antique art." Here we are asked to guard against the undue importance attached to the antique, and at the next sentence the change of feeling is to be deplored in many respects. There is a want of clear apprehension of the real qualities of the antique, and proper enunciation of them, in this kind of opinion not at all desirable for an educational work. This indecisiveness of expression is still more felt in the paragraphs which follow. "Unquestionably the exquisite art of antiquity is worthy of the highest admiration, and should always form a prominent category in public museums; but at the same time there is surely no reason why it should be allowed to cast a shadow over all later productions, as in the case of sculpture it appears to have done." It has not been allowed to cast any shadow over South Kensington, at any rate; there they do without it. But to speak of the antique as casting a shadow, is to see darkness where other men find light. The Pisani—Giovanni and Nicola, grew up under its shadow; and Raffiello and Michael Angelo—the latter the greatest sculptor of the Italian Renaissance, who preferred to all models the *torsi* of the Belvidere and the Vatican—they came out of the shadow of the antique. Then Mr. Robinson follows up a lament over the propensity of modern sculptors for dead classicism with one of his timid assertions no sooner uttered than to be qualified into anything you please; as when he says: "The antique had comparatively little to do with the truly great Italian school of sculpture of the fifteenth century; at all events, its influence there was a reasonable and a genuine one," while in the very next paragraph we are told that, "during the Middle Ages all the western countries of Europe produced remarkable works of sculpture, but it was in Italy alone that the art attained to a perfection worthy of comparison with the antique, and in Italy alone can its monuments be thoroughly studied." Why was this, but that in Italy were discovered those examples of ancient art which have served to inspire a style and teach an art from the first moment they were beheld. This obscurity of expression, though it may not be necessarily the result of undecided views, gives by no means a happy effect to the introductory remarks of the catalogue. All we require to state is that the antique sculptor realised the grandest ideal with a style quite distinct from that of the sculptors of the revival. The works of the two are not comparable, although it is evident how much the one has influenced the other, and yet the principles of art concerned remain applicable to the works of both. The Italian sculptors of the revival were animated with a totally different feeling from those of the ancient Pagan world, and their works appeal to sentiments of another order; besides which it is not difficult to perceive that the Italian sculptors were largely influenced by the painting of their day, which led them to invent a kind of relief unknown to the ancients, and much more allied to pictorial art than to sculpture as strictly understood, especially when, as was often done, they were painted in exact imitation of the objects. These are points which should have been treated of concisely in such a work as that before us. As to the practical utility of examples of the antique, we can see no reason, even if no more is attributed to them than Mr. Robinson admits, why they should not be exhibited by means of casts; and this would render the sculpture collection methodic and, as we believe, more instructive.

The account of the first formation of the sculpture collection is interesting. From this we learn that in the early days of the department then at Marlborough House, in 1854, a small but rare collection of thirty original models in wax and plaster by Michael Angelo and some of the other great Italian sculptors, which had been long in the hands of the Gherardini family at Florence, with some drawings, was offered for sale to the Austrian and French Governments, the former of whom bought the drawings but left the models, which then came to London. Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, it appears, directed that they should be shown publicly, and, if generally approved, purchased. This was eventually done for 2110*l.*; a large sum certainly for objects that are chiefly interesting and valuable as relics and not

as examples of art. Other acquisitions were made, and at last that from the famous Campana collection. The Marchese Campana was the director of the great pawnbroking establishment of the Papal Government, and a great virtuoso; he accumulated an enormous number of things, and ruined himself eventually by paying for excavations and purchasing everything offered to him at any price. At last he was said to have used the funds of his office to pay for his treasures, and was accordingly imprisoned. His vast collection, which seems to have been much overrated, was then offered to various governments, and from England Messrs. Newton and Birch, of the British Museum, were sent in 1859 to examine it as to the antique portion. They made an offer of 34,246*l.*, and the trustees of the National Gallery, it appears, attempted to obtain some of the pictures, but both failed; and in the end Mr. Robinson, sent as envoy from another, perhaps a rival, interest, succeeded eventually in obtaining a selection of those objects he considered the choicest amongst the sections of Renaissance sculpture and majolica, although even in his expert hands the official negotiations went off without result at the first visit in 1859.

In the autumn of 1860, the writer being again in Italy, turned his attention once more to the Gigli-Campana Collections, and the political occurrences of that period seeming to offer a chance for successful negotiation, which had never before presented itself, he lost no time in requesting authority to offer a certain sum for all such portions of the two collections as were desired. This authority was communicated to him, and after a lengthy negotiation, finally, towards the end of December 1860, the entire number of specimens originally selected—in all eighty-four—from both the Gigli and Campana Collections, were purchased for the net sum of 5836*l.*, being 1314*l.* less than the amount owing to the Monte di Pietà for the Gigli Collection alone. At the same time, in compliance with a stipulation insisted on from the outset, the Roman Government remitted the usual duty of twenty per cent. levied on the export of all ancient works of art from the city.

As the ultimate fate of the Campana collection still excites some interest, the further proceedings in respect to it may be briefly stated. The principle of allowing selections to be made having been established by the subtraction of the objects acquired by this Museum, the papal authorities shortly afterwards acceded to an offer of the Russian Government for a selection from the antique sections, and an agent of that Government in the month of March, 1861, succeeded in negotiating the purchase of 767 objects, chiefly Greek painted vases, bronzes, and antique marbles, for the sum of 650,000 francs or 26,000*l.* This selection, undoubtedly, comprised a great proportion of the most precious works in the classes from which the choice was made. Finally, intelligence of these successive transactions having been communicated to the French Government, two commissioners were dispatched with full powers to purchase the residue of the collection. This they effected in the month of June, 1861, for the sum of 4,364,440 francs or 174,417*l.* The entire number of objects thus acquired was 11,835; but in this number only two of the more important of the twelve series into which the collection was divided, viz., those of the antique jewellery and ancient terra-cottas were obtained by them intact.

It is rather surprising to find the superintendent of the South Kensington Museum alluding to the great scarcity of books upon Italian sculpture. With the exception of Vasari, he considers that "no very profound or useful modern illustrated works have hitherto been produced," and the only means by which "works adequate to the requirements of contemporary art-knowledge and criticism can be produced," are study of the monuments *in situ* and research among the local archives. This, it is gently suggested, Mr. Robinson has done to a certain extent, but only to impress him strongly with the meagreness of our present stock of knowledge respecting Italian sculpture. Now really this may be all very fine for the head of the South Kensington Museum to say in the exuberance of his recent acquirements in Italy, but we are not disposed to fall in with this systematic ignoring of all that has been done in the literature and illustration of Italian sculptural art, both by our own countrymen and by foreign students. Have the superb illustrated works of Agincourt, Cicognara, Labarte, and others, done nothing? Are the labours of Mr. Digby Wyatt and Mr. Waring not profound enough for Mr. Robinson or not accurately illustrative of the subjects? Has the Arundel Society done nothing good? Are Mrs. Jameson's writings worthless? Then there are the Mediaeval, the Renaissance, and the Italian Courts at the Crystal Palace, full of the *chef d'œuvres* in facsimile of all the greatest sculpture of Italy, which cannot be bought and placed in the glass cases of our museums. Not one word is said of all this throughout Mr. Robinson's book, no more than if such things had not been seen by all the world for the last ten years. Not the least attempt is made to point out where anything may be seen away from South Kensington. Even Benvenuto Cellini, the greatest of ornamentists in sculpture, is alluded to in the barest possible manner, simply because he is not to be seen at South Kensington, though it should have been told that a perfect copy of his greatest work—"The Perseus"—stands in the gardens of Trentham, and another in the Crystal Palace. Michael Angelo again is to be judged by the miserable little wax sketches, a tolerable Cupid, and a very poor colossal statue—the "David"—because these are the treasures of South Kensington, while at the Crystal Palace there are his greatest works in sculpture to be seen to the greatest possible advantage, short of the actual objects. There are his "Moses," his "Pieta," his "Christ," and his Medici tomb; and yet to read this work on Italian sculpture, which professes to have an educational aim, no one would suppose it was possible to see anything of Michael Angelo except the specimens which Mr. Robinson presides over. A small model in terra cotta of Raffaello's "Jonah" is described, without a word of reference to the cast from the statue in the Chigi chapel of Sta. Maria del Popolo, which is to be seen in the Crystal Palace. But there are hundreds of magnificent statues in the Crystal Palace collection, illustrating Italian sculpture infinitely better

and more completely than the whole collection at South Kensington. It is true these are copies; but good casts of the greatest works of art in existence are surely to be preferred to those of inferior merit, and often of doubtful authenticity, which are to be picked up in the dealers' stores by a travelling curator, naturally anxious to make a good display for all the trouble and cost of his office. We would not, for a moment, pretend to prefer the cast to the original; nor to say that some of the examples obtained from the Campana collection are not of admirable excellence, and valuable far beyond any casts; but this is not the question. If the object is to exemplify Italian sculpture, at its best without going to Italy, it is perfectly certain that this cannot be done by grants of millions in place of thousands to South Kensington, and, therefore, it is absolutely silly to ignore the utility of such a collection as that at the Crystal Palace, and of casts altogether. The beauty of this policy of silence is, that whenever some trumpery bit of sculpture at South Kensington has been cast, we are certain to find a foot-note telling us where the moulder's shop is at which it can be bought—said moulder, of course, being of the South Kensington clique. There is but one word for this sort of party feeling—it is contemptible, and particularly unworthy any student of art.

One of the most interesting accounts in this *catalogue raisonné* is that of the famous group of Hercules and Cacus, by Baccio Bandinelli, the design of which was Michael Angelo's, the original model in wax being in the Gherardini collection, purchased for the Museum, though this is defective as to the arms and head of the Hercules:

The history of this famous design, the execution of which finally fell to Baccio Bandinelli, the open imitator and rival of M. Angelo, is full of interest. It appears that an extraordinarily large block of marble—9 *braccia* high and 5 wide—was quarried at Carrara, and the Gonfaloniere Soderini had resolved to give it to M. Angelo to make a corresponding statue to his David, which he had already executed. M. Angelo was to come to Carrara to block out (*sbazzare*) the marble, so as to reduce its weight previous to its being sent to Florence. In a second letter from Soderini, however, it is explained that the artist had not been able to come, as the Pope (Julius II.) would not allow him to quit the great works then in hand for him. Probably the present wax model was made at this time (1508), the statue, or rather group, in question, as appears from other notices (Vasari, p. 305, &c.), was to have been a Hercules and Cacus—the two heroes, David and Hercules; like our own giants in Guildhall, being emblematical patrons of the Palazzo. It is clear, however, that M. Angelo never went to Carrara, being occupied with the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and a host of commissions pressed upon him by the impetuous Pontiff. The marble, meanwhile, remained at Carrara for many years. On the death of Leo X., the façade of San Lorenzo, for which the marbles at Carrara had been prepared, was suspended; but Pope Clement determined to proceed with the sacristy or chapel of San Lorenzo instead. For these works, therefore, fresh marbles were required, and a certain Domenico Boninsigni, was appointed to superintend their preparation. This man endeavoured to induce M. Angelo to join him in defrauding the Pope, by substituting the marble formerly prepared for the façade, and getting paid over again for them. On Michael Angelo's indignant refusal to join in such a nefarious scheme, Boninsigni became his bitter enemy, and one of his intrigues was to persuade the Pope to give the great block of marble lying at Carrara to Bandinelli, insinuating that Michael Angelo had his hands full enough without it, and that it would be far better to stimulate both him and Baccio by encouraging rivalry between them. Finally, to Michael Angelo's great disgust, the Pope gave it to Bandinelli. The barge containing the block was stranded in the Arno, and it was thrown overboard into the mud; it was recovered, however, and Baccio set to work. He was as universally hated by his fellow-citizens as he was in favour with the Medici dynasty; and when in 1527 the latter were driven from Florence, Baccio thought it prudent to make his escape also, leaving his group only partly roughed out. Now came Michael Angelo's turn; at this time returned to Florence, he was one of the most ardent and enthusiastic of the band of patriots who were endeavouring to re-establish the liberties of their country. By a solemn act, in which the merits of Michael Angelo are lauded to the skies, the Signoria gave the block to him again. Vasari says (vol. 10, page 311): "Whilst the popular government, after the expulsion of the Medici, reigned in Florence, and Michael Angelo was charged with the direction of the fortification of the city, the marble which Baccio had begun to work, together with the full-sized model of the Hercules and Cacus, was shown to him, in order that he might take the former and make a group from it, provided Baccio had not reduced its size too much in the sense of his own design. M. Angelo, thereupon considering the reduced dimensions of the block, determined on his part also to abandon his first idea of a Hercules and Cacus, and to execute instead Sampson slaying two Philistines with the jaw bone of an ass; but, as often happens, what man proposes God disposes very differently, for when the siege took place Michael Angelo was obliged to take to a very different occupation from that of carving marble." He was obliged to fly, and Baccio returning with the victorious faction of the Medici, finally obtained the work from Duke Alessandro, and finished the group. Baccio's performance was a failure, and its erection in the Piazza, where it is still to be seen, was the signal for a storm of odium and ridicule which overwhelmed him.

As a first instalment of an instructive catalogue, we may accept this with the apology which Mr. Robinson offers at the conclusion of his introduction, and the promise he makes for amending it in future editions. Still it must be firmly said that the book is not satisfactory; it does not sufficiently lay down and explain the characteristics of the Italian style, and is not addressed to the student and those who are likely to become learners in the field of art.

The Slave Power: its Character, Career, and Probable Designs. Being an Attempt to Explain the Real Issues Involved in the American Contest. By J. E. CAIRNES, M.A. (Parker, Son, and Bourn. pp. 304.)—The rapidity with which history is being made in America leaves all contemporary writing on the subject far in the rear. As an abstract analysis of the evils of slavery this volume has its value. Mr. Cairnes has thought out the matter with a searching power of analysis, and lays bare the roots of the cancer with the hand of a skilful surgeon. The substance of his remarks has already been incorporated in a course of lectures delivered at Dublin, and he now republishes his views for the benefit of the general public.

FERTILISATION OF ORCHIDS.

On the Various Contrivances by which British and Foreign Orchids are Fertilised by Insects, and on the good Effects of Intercrossing. By CHARLES DARWIN, M.A., F.R.S. London: John Murray. 1862. 8vo. pp. 365.

THERE IS NOTHING IN NATURE apparently so chaste as a garden of flowers. Who would believe that the timid blushing things were all coquetting with one another, and with the bees and butterflies? We have heard of modern books on the "language" and "sentiment" of flowers, which, doubtless, let one into some of their secrets; but the truth was pretty well understood in the old times before us. A single passage will suffice from the "Génie du Christianisme" of the eloquent Chateaubriand:

"One often sees in a profound calm, at the dawning of Aurora, the flowers of a valley motionless on their stems; they recline in various attitudes, and look towards every point of the horizon. At this very moment, when all appears so tranquil, a mystery is accomplished; nature conceives, and these plants are so many young mothers turned towards the mysterious region from whence comes their fecundity. The sylphs have sympathies less aerial, communications less imperceptible; the narcissus consigns her virgin progeny to the streams, the violet confides to the zephyrs her modest posterity, a bee collects honey from flower to flower, and unconsciously fertilises a whole meadow; a butterfly bears an entire nation on its wing. The loves of the plants, however, are not equally tranquil; some are stormy, like the passions of men: it requires a tempest to marry, on their inaccessible heights, the cedar of Lebanon to the cedar of Sinai; while, at the foot of the mountain, the softest wind suffices to produce a voluptuous commerce among the flowers."

Dr. Kurt Sprengel says the flowers spread out their petals on purpose to attract insects, and we quite believe it, for curiosity is strong in the soul of nature. A boy's kerchief, waving on the heath, will lure the kestrel from the sky; and a light dress will attract, as we have seen, a multitude of winged atoms (*Trichopteryx* of the entomologist) out of the viewless air. If we may believe Mr. Darwin, there is even a race between certain flowers, as to which can stick themselves out most, so as to tax the energies of their admirers to the last degree. In the woods of Madagascar the *Angraecum* expands its large six-rayed blossoms, like stars formed of snow-white wax, with green nectaries of $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, hanging down beneath. As only the lower inch and a-half of their nectaries is filled with honey, there must be moths with tongues of proportionate length; and if the tongues of these moths are growing longer by "natural selection," the whip-like nectary of the Orchid also elongates and "still troubles each moth to insert its proboscis as far as possible in order to drain the last drop of nectar."

In pursuance of his promise to substantiate by facts the speculation upon the "Origin of Species," Mr. Darwin has now given us in a special volume the result of numerous and careful examinations of a particular tribe of plants, selected for study because (like the pigeons among domesticated things) it promised to afford very favourable evidence. Long ago it was noticed by Robert Brown, and still earlier by Sprengel (1793) that the structure of orchideous flowers was often such that the seed could not be fertilised except by the assistance of insects. This is the case not only with the British species, but also with those superb hothouse plants which form the chief attraction and ornament of our early flower-shows; they will not set a seed without artificial assistance. In the whole tribe, consisting of 433 genera, and about 6000 species, fertilisation is almost invariably left to insects; and "the contrivances by which it is effected are as varied and almost as perfect as any of the most beautiful adaptations in the animal kingdom." The author's second purpose is to show that these contrivances have for their main object the fertilisation of each flower by the pollen of another flower. So far we believe Mr. Darwin is quite successful. "Intercrossing" appears to be so important, that it may be regarded as a law of nature; and illustrations are to be met with at every step. Mr. Darwin himself has shown us that the common red clover of the fields requires to be visited by the humble-bee; and that the exotic *Lobelia fulgens* in this part of England is never visited by insects, and consequently, from its peculiar structure, can never form any seeds. That the common fig requires "capricification," has been known from the most remote antiquity. The flowers of the wood sanicle cannot be fertilised by their own pollen, for another reason—because the pistils are mature before the stamens, which is not uncommon in the order *Umbelliferae*. A similar circumstance promotes intercrossing amongst the insect tribes. Every collector will have observed that the females of certain butterflies, such as the golden-brown Fritillaries (*Melitæa* and *Argynnis*) appear a fortnight before the males; and it is strange to see the fresh and brilliant courtiers pursuing old and battered virgins, who have doubtless wandered far away from their birthplace and the companionship of near relations. Provisions of the same kind may be traced among the shell-fish, whether they be free wanderers like the snail, fixtures like the oyster, or imprisoned like the rock-borers,

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid.

The purpose of this law is as unquestionable as the fact, if we may

judge by the result; for the species of animals and plants equally degenerate when free intercommunication is restricted. The knowledge of these circumstances is the foundation of the improved modern management of stock, and it would be well for humanity if we acted upon it ourselves, and made the laws of consanguinity more stringent. The medical profession is well aware that alliances between near relations not only aggravate the hereditary tendencies, but produce others, such as deafness, and cataract, and idiotey, in families not ordinarily subject to these calamities. On the other hand, the inevitable consequence of intercrossing must be the elimination of individual peculiarities, and the maintenance of the normal character of the species or race. We apprehend that all the races of plants and animals which are confined to islands or mountain summits, or isolated in other ways, are becoming more specialised and tending towards extinction; while those of a vagabond character are daily on the increase. Let us be thankful that we live in pre-Manchester-millennial times, while so many of the marvels of creation remain to us, and thorns, and briars, and cotton-grounds have not wholly possessed the earth.

To come back to the Orchids; how shall we account for the strange forms of these insect-seeming flowers? R. Brown imagined that some resembled bees, in order to deter insects from visiting them. We should have thought it was for a contrary reason; but Mr. Darwin says he has never seen an insect visit the bee-ophrys, and he doubts the statement of Mr. Price that it is attacked by the humble-bee. For ourselves, we should be content with the Oriental fancy, that flowers are the souls of departed butterflies. But there is another explanation, at which we can only hint, as it forms part of a more general question. Those who are interested in the subject may consult the "*Horæ Entomologicae*" of Macleay, and Strickland's paper on "mimetic" resemblances. Mr. Darwin doubts whether the numberless structures which exist in nature, for no obvious use, could have been created for the sake of mere variety and beauty, and seems to regard these functionless organs and fanciful resemblances as the "touches" which "make the whole world kin." The advocates of "unity of design" in creation will claim them as so many proofs of the correctness of their views. They will say, with Emerson, to the *Rhodora*,

Why wert thou here, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me here brought you.

Although we can boast of nothing at all comparable with the magnificent epiphytal orchids of tropical forests, which grow on boughs overhanging streams that are ascended only by canoes, yet for the purposes of scientific inquiry we are by no means badly off. The woods and chalky pastures of Kent are especially rich in orchids, and Mr. Darwin says that nine genera, including thirteen species, grow within a mile of his house. The structure of the flower is essentially the same in the whole tribe. Three coloured sepals, answering to the calyx of other flowers, alternate with three petals, of which one is different from the rest. This one should be uppermost, but owing to a twist in the supporting stalk (formed by the *germen*, or immature fruit), it usually hangs down, and is called the lip (*labellum*). It is generally furnished with a tubular spur, or nectary, projecting backwards, and sometimes resembles the dark velvety body of an insect, while the lateral petals stand out like wings. The *labellum* is often tripartite, owing to the combination with it of two of the next triad of organs—the outer whorl of stamens. The third stamen is the only one usually developed, but there are indications of an inner set, two of which become fertile in the slipper orchids. This single stamen is combined with the pistil to form the "column," which rises up from the centre of the flower. Of the three stigmas two are confluent, and the third forms a little beak (*rostellum*) projecting over them, and carrying a *viscid disk*, to which the anthers adhere. These fifteen floral organs are arranged three within three, in alternating order, and their relation may be ascertained by tracing, as Mr. Darwin has done, the course of the fifteen bundles of spiral vessels which always proceed upwards from the six groups surrounding the ovary.

"It is very doubtful," says Mr. Darwin, "whether these details will be endured by the general reader;" but without them we cannot refer to a few of the special contrivances exhibited by our British Orchids, and which some of our readers may wish to verify next spring. Any one who has examined with the microscope the pollen of an orchis (such, for example, as the early flowering species whose crimson bloom is made to contrast with the golden cowslips in our butter-shops!) will have noticed that instead of forming fine light dust, as in other flowers, it consists of two waxy masses (or *pollinia*), each composed of a multitude of packets of pollen-grains, like cartridges, or like the *spermatophora* of the cuttle-fish. The *pollinia* have long tails which become attached to the viscid disk of the *rostellum*, and assume the function of stalks. Placed thus close above the stigma, the pollen of the orchis would never reach its destination if left to itself. Covered by a bell-glass the flowers wither without producing a seed. But if an insect should alight on the *labellum* and push its proboscis into the nectary, the viscid bases of the *pollinia* (one or both) are sure to stick to it, and when withdrawn from the flower, and exposed to the air, this sticky substance has the peculiar quality of setting hard and dry in a few minutes. The proceeding of the fly may be imitated with a pointed pencil, to which the pollen masses will adhere, and if watched for half a minute they will be observed to bend down upon the pencil

till they touch it—a movement which looks as if it were spontaneous, but is really hygrometric, and may be repeated by alternate wetting and drying in some cases. The object of this movement of the pollinia refers to their usual position on an insect's tongue, for if they diverged from it they would never be of any use, but by falling close they become inserted with the tongue into other flowers, and portions of their pollen are detached by adhering to the stigmatic surfaces of the pistils. They can thus be applied to and will fertilise many flowers.

In the "pyramidal orchis" the pollinia are attached to a single saddle-shaped disk, and always removed in pairs. At the sides of the nectary the *labellum* is furnished with little projecting plates, compared to the "instrument sometimes used for guiding a thread into the fine eye of a needle." These compel the proboscis of a moth—or a fine bristle inserted between them—to enter the minute orifice of the nectary, and depress the lip of the *rostellum*, which partially closes it, "like a trap placed in a run for game." When withdrawn it removes the disk and attached pollinia, and when pushed into another flower the pollinia will be found to have acquired the right position to strike against the stigmatic surfaces which are only sticky enough to break their elastic threads and tear off part of the pollen, leaving plenty for other flowers. Mr. Westwood has taken humble and hive bees with the pollinia attached to them; and similar observations have been made in France. But the butterflies and moths are the chief fertilizers of the common British orchids. Mr. Bond has taken twenty-three species of *Lepidoptera* with the pollinia of the pyramidal orchis attached to their tongues. A large majority of these moths and butterflies had two or three pairs of pollinia attached to them, and invariably to the proboscis. An *Acontia* had seven, and a *Caradrina* no less than eleven pairs, presenting an extraordinary arborescent appearance. "The unfortunate moth, with its proboscis thus encumbered, would soon have been starved to death." Many species of orchids with dull or inconspicuous flowers, attract the visits of insects by their scent, like the leafless "bird's-nest orchis," with its sickly-looking bloom, and the little "musk orchis," with small green flowers, hidden in the grass of the chalk downs, which emits a strong musky smell, especially towards nightfall. But there are some, like the fly-ophrys, which have no honey, and whose flowers are inconspicuous and scentless. It is difficult to conjecture what attraction these offer, or what creature visits them, and in fact they are very seldom fertilized. Mr. Darwin has examined several hundred individual flowers, and found that less than half had one or both the pollen-masses removed, and the proportion of seed-capsules produced was even less. When transplanted from their native haunts they set no seed. Some of our native orchids (e.g. *morio*, *fusca*, and *maculata*.) have a nectary with no honey, and Sprengel calls them "sham nectar-producers," but Mr. Darwin refuses to admit so "gigantic an imposture." He believes that the walls of the nectary, being juicy and sweet, are punctured by insects, as in the case of *Mormodes* and some other foreign orchids. In our greenhouses insects often bite holes through the nectaries to get at the honey, a bad habit, which would lead to the extinction of the species, if invariably followed in their native homes. These observations throw a new light on the causes of the rarity of species. The fine *Orchis fusca* of the Kent woods is not very attractive to insects, and is often imperfectly fertilised; the same has been remarked of its relative, *O. militaris*, in Germany. The fragrant *Gymnadenia* grows equally in meadows and on the chalk-downs; and it is a pretty little experiment to push a fine bristle into the narrow mouth of the nectary, and observe how certainly the pollinia are withdrawn. The butterfly orchis, with conspicuous white flowers, depends for its fertilisation on the larger nocturnal *Lepidoptera*, and moths have been taken with one eye covered and blinded by its viscid disk. In the broad-leaved *Epipactis* of our southern and western counties, the structure is such that an insect would not push against the anthers till it was in the act of backing out of the flower. Mr. Darwin found a spike with nine open flowers, from the whole of which the pollinia were removed, with one exception, in which a fly, too small for the task, had become glued to the stigma and there miserably perished. One of the prettiest British orchids, called the "fragrant lady's tresses" (*Spiranthes autumnalis*), has the tubular flowers arranged in a spire. It secretes abundant nectar, and the labellum is channelled, but the passage is so narrow when the flower first opens, that only a fine bristle can be passed down it, in which state, although the pollinia may be removed, the flower cannot be fertilised; afterwards a wider passage is found to the stigmatic surface. Mr. Darwin watched a colony of these flowers, and saw two kinds of humble-bees visit them. He caught one with pollinia attached; it had removed those of five flowers, and left portions of three of them on the stigmas of other flowers. The bees alight at the bottom of the spike, and crawl up it spirally; from the highest flowers they carry away the pollinia, and convey them to the more fully expanded lower blossoms of another plant. The twayblade (*Listera ovata*) is fertilised by small *Hymenoptera*. As soon as the flower opens, if the crest of the *rostellum* be touched ever so lightly, even with the thinnest hair, a large drop of viscid fluid is instantaneously expelled, and invariably catches the tips of the loose pollinia. This fluid sets hard in two or three seconds, and so rapid is the explosion, that when produced by a needle, it is not easy to avoid bringing away the pollinia also. These flowers secrete abundant nectar, and are much visited by small *Hymenoptera* and two-winged flies. They were observed when crawling

into the youngest flowers to retreat suddenly, with the pair of bright yellow pollinia sticking to their foreheads: and in one case an extremely minute insect, not so large as one of the pollinia, was found vainly struggling, with its whole head buried in the hardened cement.

The bee-ophrys is the only British orchid in which there is any arrangement for the purpose of self-fertilisation, and the case is perplexing to Mr. Darwin in an unparalleled degree. The pollen masses have long, slender, and flexible stalks, by which they hang down and vibrate in the slightest breath of air, so as to strike against the viscid stigma, and are there secured. R. Brown, who first observed this peculiarity, thought it was common to the species of the genus *Ophrys*, but it is not so in the spider-ophrys, nor yet in *O. arachnites*, which is sometimes considered a variety of the bee.

We can only refer to a few of the foreign orchids which the author has examined in fresh bloom through the liberality of metropolitan florists. The diversity of the contrivances, almost all adapted to favour the intercrossing of distinct flowers, seems to be exhaustless. In many the *labellum* is suspended by a slender and elastic strap, and is sometimes fringed, so as to vibrate with the slightest breath of air; it is said to be sometimes irritable, as in the Australian *Calceola*, which, when an insect alights upon it, suddenly shuts up against the "column," and incloses its prey as it were in a box. In *Dendrobium* the filament of the anther is elastic, so as to shoot out the pollen-mass, when disturbed by an insect, in such a manner that it may rebound and adhere to the stigma. The superb *Cattleya* may be fertilized by the humble-bee, for Sir W. Trevelyan has caught one in his hothouse, where the *Cattleya* was in flower, with its whole back smeared, and four pollinia attached, ready to be conveyed to other flowers. In *Masdevallia fenestrata* the sepals cohere, leaving only a narrow opening or window on each side, where a small insect might enter, or a large one insert its proboscis: "some new and curious contrivance has here to be made out!" In the magnificent tribe of *Vandee*, including many showy genera, like *Oncidium*, *Aerides*, and *Phalenopsis* (of which those ladies who can afford it make bridal wreaths), the pollen forms waxy masses, united to the *rostellum* at an early period of growth, and removed by insects, together with the disk. *Calanthe* has eight pollen-masses radiating from one disk, which may be withdrawn by inserting a needle into the mouth of the nectary. In *Mormodes* the pedicle of the pollinium is so elastic as to straighten and recurve with an instantaneous rebound, swinging up an inch or two, and if no object is in the way (such as an insect) it falls down, and generally alights and sticks on the crest of the *labellum*. Twelve or fifteen minutes elapse, after ejection, before the pedicle again straightens and the anther-case drops off, and within such an interval it is almost certain that an insect would leave one plant and fly to another. The American genus *Vanilla* is cultivated for its pods in the East Indies and Tahiti, but does not fruit without artificial aid when removed from its own home and the insects specially adapted for its fertilisation. Lastly, the *Catasetum* presents nothing to attract insects, and no means of attaching its disks, but the *rostellum* has two processes like antennae, of which the right hangs down and is apparently functionless, while the left is held up. The slightest touch applied to this left-hand antenna causes the pollinia to be shot out with a force sufficient to carry them a distance of two or three feet. The most successful fertilisers of orchids have never set the fruit of *Catasetum*, nor has it been found with seeds in Essequibo. But Sir R. Schomburgk states that he has seen the flowers of *Catasetum* growing on the same plant with those of two other supposed genera, *Monacanthus* and *Myanthurus*. It is, therefore, now regarded as the male flower; and the second (known to produce abundant fruit) as the female form of the same plant; while the third, differing equally from the others in appearance, combines the characters of both sexes, as in ordinary orchids. The pollinia of *Catasetum* are shot out like a blunt arrow, with an adhesive point, and seem expressly intended to be discharged at some downy moth, which, disturbed by the blow, will fly with them sooner or later to the female plant. Mr. Darwin believes the genus *Acropera* also to be a sterile plant, and that the fertile form is yet unknown. "All the parts of the flower seem contrived that it should never be fertilised." The widely-disseminated tribe of slipper-orchids, of which we have one British species (the *Cypripedium*, or lady's-slipper), differ from all the rest far more than any others differ. One author regards them as the "record of a former and more simple state of the order." But they appear as much to require the aid of insects.

In conclusion, Mr. Darwin illustrates the "struggle for existence," by contrasting the extraordinary fecundity of some orchids with the comparatively insignificant share they take in the general herbage. *Epipactis grandiflora*, one of the least vulgar ornaments of limestone woods, produces 6000 seeds to the capsule, or 24,000 to the plant. The smaller seeds of the common spotted orchis are quite as numerous, and 30 capsules may be found on a spike, containing altogether 186,000 seeds, enough, if all grew, to cover an acre of ground rather more closely than they could flourish. At this rate of increase, "the great grandchildren of a single plant would nearly clothe with one uniform green carpet, the entire surface of the land throughout the globe."

Tennyson, who appears to have been much impressed by facts of this kind, and who anticipated Mr. Darwin in the expression of them, calls this "an evil dream" of Nature's:

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life,
That I, considering everywhere
Her hidden purpose in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear—
I falter where I firmly trod.

But we must leave the reader to supply the rest from his own "In Memoriam." The reflections of the poet are more modest than those of the philosopher, but scarcely more satisfactory. We listen vainly in either case for the true "cadence with which the intellectual ear can feel satisfied."

VICTOR HUGO'S WORK CONTINUED.

Les Misérables. Par VICTOR HUGO. IV^{me} Partie: *L'Idylle Rue Plumet et L'Epopée Rue Saint-Denis.* Tom. VII. and VIII. V^{me} Partie. *Jean Valjean.* Tom. IX. and X. Bruxelles: A. Lacroix, Verboeckhoven, and Co.

THE FOURTH PART of "Les Misérables" develops a beautiful picture of the lives of Marius and Cosette. That is the *Idyll of the Rue Plumet*: the *Epopée of the Rue Saint-Denis* is a description of the *émeute* which took place in Paris in 1832, on the occasion of the funeral of General Lamarque. The seventh volume opens with an analysis of the title by which the Bourbons held the throne, and of the causes which determined their fall. Here we are more surprised than perhaps we ought to be at finding what is certainly an eulogium upon the Citizen King. Those who remember of Louis Philippe nothing more dignified than his *sobriquet* of "Mr. Smith," his pear-shaped head and the Spanish-marriages intrigues will be startled at reading this character of him from the pen of such a liberal politician as M. Victor Hugo:

The son of a sire to whom history will certainly allow attenuating circumstances; but as worthy of esteem as that sire was worthy of blame; having all the private and many of the public virtues: careful of his health, his fortune, his person, and his business; knowing well the value of a minute, but not always the price of a year; sober, serene, peaceable, patient; a good man and a good prince; living on good terms with his wife, and holding his wedded life as a model to his subjects—a piece of conjugal ostentation which the illegitimate displays of the elder branch had rendered useful; knowing all European languages and (what is still more rare) all the European interests, and speaking them; an admirable representative of the "middle classes," but superior to them and in every way greater than they; having an excellent wit and all the while appreciating the blood from which he sprang, valuing himself chiefly for his intrinsic merit, and very particular even on the question of his race, declaring himself Orleanist, and not Bourbon; very much prince of the blood so long as he was only a serene highness, but a simple citizen from the day when he became king; diffuse in public, concise in intimacy; accused of being a miser, but not proved to be one; in reality one of those economists who are easily made prodigal by their fancy or their duty; learned and yet caring little for letters; a gentleman, but not chivalrous; simple, calm, and strong; adored by his family and his household; a charming talker, a sagacious statesman, internally cold, ruled by immediate interest, always attending to what was nearest, incapable of gratitude or revenge; clever in overcoming by parliamentary majorities those mysterious unanimities which multiply grumblingly beneath a throne; expansive—sometimes imprudent in his expansiveness, but marvellously adroit in his imprudence; fertile in expedients, in countenances, in masks; making France afraid of Europe and Europe of France; loving his country incontestably, but preferring his family; assuming more rule than authority, and more authority than dignity—an arrangement which has this drawback, that, turning everything towards success, it admits intrigue and does not absolutely exclude baseness, but which has this recommendation, nevertheless, that it preserves politics from violent shocks, the State from ruptures, and society from catastrophes; minute, correct, vigilant, attentive, sagacious, indefatigable; contradicting himself sometimes, and even giving himself the lie: bold against Austria at Ancona, obstinate against England in Spain, bombarding Antwerp, and paying Pritchard; singing the Marseillaise with conviction; inaccessible to prostration, weariness, the taste of the beautiful and of the ideal, to rash generosity, to utopian ideas, to chimeras, to anger, vanity, and fear; having all the forms of personal intrepidity; a general at Valmy; a soldier at Jemappes; brave as a grenadier; courageous as a thinker; disquieted only before the chances of a perturbation of Europe, and entirely unfitted for great political adventures; always ready to risk his life, never his work; disguising his will so as to be rather obeyed as a mind than as a king; gifted with observation, and not with divination; not very attentive to minds, but knowing men well—that is to say, requiring to see them to form an opinion; a prompt and penetrating good sense, practical wisdom, facile speech, a prodigious memory; drawing upon the memory without ceasing—his own point of resemblance with Cæsar, Alexander, and Napoleon; well acquainted with facts, details, dates, and proper names, but ignorant of the tendencies, passions, different geniuses of the crowd, the internal aspirations, the concealed and obscure movements of the soul—in a word—all that can be termed the invisible currents of the conscience; accepted in outward show, but little in harmony with the undercurrent of popular feeling; guarding himself by *finesse*; governing too much, and not reigning enough; his own prime minister; excellent for the littlenesses of realities, but an obstacle in the immensity of ideas; mingling a true creative faculty of civilisation, order, and organisation, with an unaccountable spirit of special pleading and chicanery; the founder and the attorney of a dynasty; a mixture of Charlemagne and a barrister; in short, a lofty and original figure, a prince who knew how to be powerful in spite of the disquiet of France, and how to acquire strength in spite of the jealousy of Europe, Louis Philippe would take his place among the eminent men of his country, and would be classed among the most illustrious rulers known to history, if only he had loved glory a little, and if he had understood what was great as well as he understood what was useful.

The processes whereby discontent was bred and spread about in the public mind against this king of many qualities are minutely set forth by M. Hugo. We pass over the details. The *coterie* of students with whom Marius had fraternised were among the leaders. Enjolras, Courfeyrac, and the others were apostles of the *émeute*.

We now turn to the Rue Plumet, where Cosette is dwelling under the paternal care of Jean Valjean in a modest and decent retirement. Marius has lost sight of her; but regains it again through the agency

of Eponine (Thenardier's eldest daughter), a fallen and unhappy creature, who loves Marius in despair, and with a self-renunciation of which women are sometimes capable, but of which none but great masters of human nature ever give them credit, gratifies Marius by discovering for him the object of his chaste and earnest affection. The first openings of that tender love, the jealous dread with which Jean Valjean beholds the birth and growth of a sentiment which must eventually deprive him of his cherished happiness, by taking from him his Cosette, all this is admirably drawn with a delicate and poetic touch. It is indeed an idyll. The anxiety of the escaped convict lest his adopted child should discover the dreadful secrets of his past life is described with terrible reality. On one occasion she sees, by mere accident, the chain of convicts leave Paris, and the scene as described by Victor Hugo's words is comparable only to the most horribly grotesque caricatures by Callot. A remarkable episode of this part of the story is an attempt by the bandit Montparnasse upon Jean Valjean. Gavroche, the *gamin*, witnesses the scene:

Montparnasse on the scent at such an hour, in such a place: that was threatening. Gavroche felt the bowels of a *gamin* moved with pity for the old man. But what could he do? One weakness to succour another! It would be a mere joke for Montparnasse. Gavroche knew that for that terrible ruffian of eighteen the old man first and the boy afterwards would be no more than two mouthfuls.

Even while Gavroche deliberated, the attack took place. It was sudden and hideous, like the attack of a tiger on an onager, or of a spider on a fly. Montparnasse suddenly threw the rose from him, bounded on the old man, seized him by the collar, clung to it, and Gavroche could hardly withhold a cry. A moment and one of those men was under the other, beaten, groaning, struggling with a knee of marble on his breast; only it was not precisely as Gavroche expected. The one on the ground was Montparnasse; the old man was the victor. This was only a few yards from Gavroche. The old man had received the shock, returned it, and so terribly that in a twinkling the parts of attacker and attacked had changed hands. "A grand invalid!" thought Gavroche, and he could not hold clapping his hands. It was thrown away, however, for neither of the combatants absorbed in the contest, and mingling their breaths in the struggle, could hear it.

Then came silence. Montparnasse ceased to resist. Gavroche said to himself: "Is he killed?" The old man had neither uttered a word nor a cry. He rose, and Gavroche heard him say to Montparnasse, "Get up." Montparnasse got up, but the old man still held him. Montparnasse looked like a wolf who had been conquered by a sheep. Gavroche looked on and listened. . . . The old man said to Montparnasse: "How old are you?"—"Nineteen."—"You are strong, and in health. Why don't you work?"—"It wears me."—"What is your business?"—"An idler."—"Speak seriously. Can anything be done for you? What would you like to be?"—"A thief."—There was silence. The old man seemed profoundly pensive. He was immovable, and kept hold of Montparnasse. Every now and then the young bandit, vigorous and active, struggled like an animal caught in a snare. He twisted, tried a cross-buttock, and every means of escape. The old man seemed to take no heed of his efforts; but held both his arms in one hand with the sovereign indifference of superior strength.

The old man's reverie lasted some time. Then, regarding Montparnasse fixedly, he addressed him gently in the gloom which surrounded him, a solemn exhortation of which Gavroche did not lose a syllable. "My lad, you are idly entering the most laborious of lives. Ah! you confess yourself an idler: prepare to work hard. Did you ever see a machine called a rolling-mill? You must take heed of it, for it is a treacherous and ferocious thing. If it catches but the skirt of your coat your whole body must go through it. Such a machine is idleness. Stay while yet there is time, and save yourself; else it is all over with you. Once seized, there is no more hope. Seek fatigue, idler! no more repose. The iron hand of an implacable labour has seized you. You do not wish to win your daily bread, to have a task, to fulfil a duty. To be as others are wearisome. Well! be otherwise. Work is the law; whoso rejects it shall have punishment. You will not be a workman; so you shall be a slave. Labour lets you go here that she may seize you on the other side, and as you will not be her friend, you shall be her nigger. You will not have the honest weariness of men, so you shall have the sweat of the damned. Where the others sing you shall groan. From afar and from below you will see other men work, and it will seem to you as if they were resting from their toil. The labourer, the reaper, the sailor, the blacksmith, will appear to you as in a halo of light, like the blessed in Paradise. What a radiance in the smithy! To guide the plough, to bind the sheaf is joy! The ship free before the breeze, what delight! And you, the idler, must dig, delve, drag, march on. Take your halter and put on the harness of hell. So you wish to do nothing. There will not be a week, a day, or an hour without its crushing labour. You can do nothing without anguish. Every minute will make your muscles crack. A feather-bed for others will be rock to you. The simplest things will torture you. Life will be a monster around you. To go, to come, to breathe will be terrible tasks. To walk hither rather than thither will be a problem to resolve. The first comer who desires to go out has but to open his door and his wish is accomplished. You, to go out, must pierce a wall; you must tear up the sheets of your bed, make a rope of them fibre by fibre, get through your window and suspend yourself by a thread over the abyss. It will be night, storm, rain, and if the cord is too short, you have but one mode of descent; you must drop. Drop at hazard into a gulf, from a height, and upon what? On what is below; on the unknown. Or you will climb by the flue of a chimney, at the risk of burning yourself; or by the filthiest of drains, at the risk of suffocation. I speak not of the holes to be hidden; the stones to be removed and replaced twenty times a day; the plaster to be hidden in your bed-tick. Then come the locks. Another man has in his pocket his key made by the locksmith. You, if you will pass, must manufacture a marvel. You will take a copper coin and cut it into two slices. With what tools? You must invent them. Then you will hollow out the interior of those two slices, carving the outer rims carefully into a male and female screw, so that they will fit exactly, the one to the other. Thus prepared, to the uninitiated, it will look like a common copper coin; to you it will be a box. And what will you put into the box? A little morsel of steel, a watch-spring, with teeth like a saw. With this saw, no longer than a pin, and hidden in a halfpenny, you may cut the bolt of a lock and the bar of a latch, the clasp of a padlock, the bar of your window, and the fetter which you will wear upon your leg. This masterpiece finished, all these miracles of art, address, skill, and patience perfected, what will be your reward? The dungeon. That is the future. For idleness and pleasure, what abysses! Doing nothing is a sad task to undertake. To live idly on society. To be useless; that is to say, harmful; that leads to the very depth of misery. We to him that will be a parasite! He shall

become vermin. Ah! you would do no work! you have but one thought, to drink well, to eat well, and to sleep well. You shall drink water; you shall eat black bread; you shall sleep upon a board with an iron riveted to your members whose cold shall chill your flesh in the night. You may break that iron and fly. What then? You will crawl on your belly in the brushwood, and eat grass like the beasts of the field. You will be retaken, and you will pass years in the dungeons of the lower ditches, fastened to the wall, groping about to get a drink from your jug, gnawing a fearful bread that the very dogs would reject, eating beans which the worms have dined off before you. You will live like a wood-louse in a cellar.

Have pity on yourself, wretched boy, yet so young. Not twenty years ago you drank milk at your mother's breast. Perhaps you have still a mother. You want fine broad cloth, varnished boots, to be curled, and to wear your hair oiled and perfumed, to please the girls and be handsome. You shall be shaved close, and wear a red cap and wooden clogs. You would have a gold ring to your finger, but you shall have an iron collar to your neck. If you so much as look at a woman you will have a blow from a stick. You will go in at twenty years and be set free at fifty. You will go young, fresh, rosy, with your brilliant eyes, all your white teeth and your beautiful hair; and you will come forth broken, bent, wrinkled, toothless, horrible, your hair grey. Ah! poor boy! you are in the wrong road. Idleness advises you badly. Theft is the very hardest of work. Believe me and do not attempt that painful task, idleness. To be a rascal is very inconvenient; it is much pleasanter to be an honest man. Go now, and think of what I have said. What would you have of me? my purse? Here it is. And the old man, letting Montparnasse go, laid his purse upon his hand. Montparnasse weighed it for a moment, and then let it gently glide into the hinder pocket of his coat, as covertly as if he had stolen it.

This said and done, the old man turned his back, and tranquilly resumed his walk. "Jackass!" murmured Montparnasse.

An escape from the prison of La Force by Babet, Brujon, Geulemer, and Thénardier, is graphically described, and prison-life among the convicts naturally brings on a parenthetical disquisition on *Argot* which will be interesting to all students of that branch of philology.

The course of true love between Cosette and Marius is troubled for a time by the jealousy of Jean Valjean, but it flows on brightly and merrily in spite of every obstacle. This part of the story is at once the most delightful, the most interesting, and the most quotable. There are no great scenes, no dramatic situations; but all is joyous, yet modest, as becomes the love of two pure young hearts. Jean Valjean at length takes a resolution to leave France for England, and this compels Marius to bring the situation to a *dénouement*. For this purpose he once more seeks his grandfather, M. Gillenormand, and, like the good scion of an ancient and respectable family, asks his permission to the marriage. The old man who has loved him all the while, is rejoiced to see him once more, but will not hear for a moment of marriage with an unknown *grisette*. The scene between the grandfather and grandson, where the former conceals his love for the young man behind a veil of apparent severity, and the other does not understand how well and dearly he is loved, is beautifully described. In the end, M. Gillenormand banteringly recommends Marius to take Cosette for his mistress, and the young man, indignant, once more rushes from the presence of his ancestor in a state of the highest indignation. "Five years ago you outraged my father, and now you insult my wife. I have nothing more to ask of you, Sir. Farewell."

We now come to the *émeute* which took place in the streets of Paris, on the 5th and 6th of June 1832, on the occasion of the funeral of General Lamarque. The funeral was but a pretext; but Lamarque was a man likely to become a hero among people whose political passions were in a state of excitement.

Lamarque was a man of renown and of action. He had possessed under the Empire and the Restoration the two kinds of courage necessary to the two epochs—the courage of the field of battle and of the tribune. He was as eloquent as he had been brilliant, and in his word there was a sword. Like his predecessor, Foy, after making much of discipline, he had made much of liberty. He sat between the right and the extreme left; loved by the people, because he accepted the chances of the future, and loved by the mob, because he had well served the Emperor. It was, with Counts Gérard and Drouet, one of Napoleon's marshals *in petto*. The treaties of 1815 disgusted him like a personal affront. He hated Wellington with a direct hatred, which pleased the multitude, and for seventeen years, scarcely paying attention to intermediate events, he had majestically preserved the sadness of Waterloo. In his agony, in his last hour, he pressed to his bosom the sword which had been decreed to the officers of the Hundred Days. Napoleon died with the word *armée* upon his lips, Lamarque in pronouncing *patrie*.

The commencement of the *émeute*; the erection of the barricade are described with great power. The barricade occupied by the students, with Enjolras, and afterwards Marius, at their head, was in the Rue de la Chanvrerie, and abutted on the Rue Mondétour. The Rue de la Chanvrerie no longer exists, we believe; having been swept away by those immense clearances which have of late years taken place around the Halles Centrales. It stood, however, about the north-east corner of the Halles, near the Rue Saint Denis and the Rue des Prêcheurs. It was built opposite a cabaret known as "Corinthe." One of the earliest scenes in the terrible drama which was enacted in the barricade is the following:

It is well known that mobs are like snow-balls, and collect, as they roll, a heap of tumultuous men. These men ask no questions of each other whence they come. Among the passers-by who had joined the crowd headed by Enjolras, Comferre, and Courfeyrac, there was one who wore a porter's jacket, worn out at the shoulders, who gesticulated, and vociferated, and looked like a kind of drunken savage. This man, who was named or surnamed Cabuc, and was entirely unknown to those who pretended to know him, was very tipsy, or pretended to be so, and had seated himself with some others at a table which they had drawn out of the tavern. This Cabuc, while making those who were with him drink, seemed to consider with a reflective air a large house at the lower part of the barricade, whose five stories dominated over the street, and faced the Rue Saint Denis. Suddenly he cried out: "I say, friends; do you know, it is that house we must get into. When we are at the windows, the devil take those who try to enter the street."—"Aye, but the house is shut," said one of the

topers. "Let us knock."—"They won't open."—"Then we'll break in the door." Whereupon Cabuc ran to the door, which had a heavy, massive knocker, and knocked. The door remained closed. He knocked again. No answer. A third time, and the same silence. "Is there no one at home," cried Cabuc. No one stirred. Then he seized his gun, and began to batter at the door with the butt-end. It was an old entry door, arched, low, narrow, solid, and all of oak, lined inside with a plate of sheet-iron and an iron brace, a regular prison door. The blows with the gun made the house shake, but never stirred the door.

Nevertheless, the inhabitants were disturbed; for at length a light appeared, and a little square dormer-window was opened on the third floor, and a candle appeared with the gaping terrified head of a gray-headed old man, who was the porter. The man who was knocking left off doing so. "Gentlemen," said the porter, "what do you want?"—"Open the door," replied Cabuc.—"Gentlemen, that cannot be."—"Open, I tell you."—"Impossible."

Cabuc took up his gun and aimed at the porter; but as he was below, and it was very dark, the porter saw him not.

"No or yes. Will you open?"

"No, sirs."

"You say no."

"I say no, my good . . ."

The porter did not finish his sentence. The shot was fired; the ball entered beneath his chin and came out at the nape of the neck, having passed through the jugular. The old man sunk down without a sigh. The candle was extinguished, and nothing could be seen but the immovable head leaning on the sash of the window and a little gray smoke which rose towards the roof.

"There," said Cabuc, grounding his gun upon the pavement.

He had scarcely uttered the word when he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder with the force of an eagle's claw, and he heard a voice crying to him, "On your knees." The murderer turned and saw before him the cold, white face of Enjolras. Enjolras held a pistol in his hand.

He had arrived at the report of the gun, and seized with his left hand the collar, blouse, shirt, and braces of Cabuc. "On your knees," he repeated; and with a sovereign movement the frail youth of twenty years bent the robust and sturdy porter like a reed and made him kneel in the mud. Cabuc tried to resist; but it seemed as if he had been seized by a superhuman hand. Pale, his neck bared and his locks scattered, Enjolras, with his woman's countenance, wore the aspect of the antique Themis. His downcast eyelids and expanded nostrils gave to his implacable Greek profile that expression of anger and of purity which, in the sight of the ancients, was proper to Justice. All the barricade had collected, and were ranged in a circle at a distance, feeling it impossible to say a word before that which was about to take place. Cabuc, conquered, no longer attempted to struggle; but he trembled in every limb. Enjolras let go his hold, and drew forth his watch. "Recollect yourself, pray or think," he said, "you have a minute to live."—"Pardon," muttered the murderer, and then he lowered his head and muttered some inarticulate oaths. Enjolras did not take his eyes from off him; but when the minute was elapsed he replaced his watch in his pocket. That done, he took the man by the hair as he twisted around his knees howling, and placed the muzzle of the pistol against his ear. Many of those brave men, who had entered so calmly into the most terrible of adventures, turned away their heads. Then came the explosion; and the murderer fell forward on the pavement; and Enjolras, drawing himself up, cast around him a severe and resolute glance. Then he spurned the body with his foot, saying, "Throw that out of the barricade."

The first attack made by the soldiers on the barricade does not succeed. Marius arrives at the barricade in the meanwhile, just in time to save it from being taken by producing a barrel of powder, and threatening to blow up the whole construction if the soldiers did not retire. Jean Valjean also arrives and joins the insurgents, more for the purpose of watching over Marius than with any other view; for he abstains in the most marked manner from imbuing his hands in blood. Another person, who turns up unexpectedly in the barricade, is Inspector Javert, who is there in the cause of duty; in other words, as a spy. Gavroche, the *gamin*, recognises and denounces him, and the insurgents bind him hand and foot, with a distinct promise from Enjolras—a promise not to be broken—that he will be pistolled three minutes before the taking of the barricade. And in this predicament we must leave both Inspector Javert and the story for the nonce; intending, in our next number, to complete our selection of extracts, and at the same time to present a general review of the purpose and moral of this great work.

SENSATIONAL PHILOSOPHY REVIVED.

First Principles. By HERBERT SPENCER. London: Williams and Norgate. pp. 516.

THERE ARE BOOKS which teach nothing, which suggest nothing, which are infinitely wearisome, yet whose superiority we are compelled in fairness to admit. This is an able book; but it is insufferably tedious. Mr. Spencer proposes to publish, under the title of "A System of Philosophy," ten volumes, in which biology, psychology, sociology, morality, are to be elaborately discussed. The volume called "First Principles," is a general introduction. Though not a sciolist, yet assuredly Mr. Spencer is nothing higher than a compiler. He has an acute and logical mind, and is indefatigable in acquainting himself with the newest discoveries of science. But he has no genius, no originality; is incapable of thought lofty, profound, or comprehensive. A sharp intellect attempting that which can be achieved by the creative mind alone, is a somewhat melancholy spectacle. Our author is not arrogant, avoids trickeries, superficialities, inaccuracies; he has, however, an air of assurance, a firmness of step, without which he would never have been known beyond an exceedingly limited circle. The English are eminently a self-reliant people. They, therefore, treat modesty as a confession of weakness. On the contrary they at once have confidence in a man who seems to have confidence in himself, though the man may be an arrant charlatan. Would Mr. Buckle have been regarded as a great philosopher if his ponderous platitudes had not been uttered so pretentiously, so oracularly? Untiring fluency, and the bold assumption of infallibility, founded a reputation which will probably decline as

rapidly as it rose. It would be signal injustice to Mr. Spencer to class him with Mr. Buckle, for Mr. Spencer never puts forth his claims offensively, never ventures on rash statements, has the instincts and the habits of a careful and conscientious inquirer, and avoids flagrant blunders of the Buckle sort. Nevertheless it is by invincible self-possession and self-trust that Mr. Spencer contrives to command attention. It is doubtful whether Mr. Spencer should publish books at all. He has the kind of talent, the amount of information fitting a writer to be a useful contributor to some of the larger and graver periodicals. Good solid, reliable articles satisfying the requirements of a Utilitarian age, and savouring more of the encyclopædia than of nature, he could furnish in abundance. But a system of philosophy extending over a dozen years, and costing the British householder the formidable sum of eight pounds sterling, demands a colossal combination of Baconian faculties, of which neither Mr. Spencer nor any Englishman of this generation has given evidence.

Indeed, philosophy in the diviner sense is dead in England. Philosophy, amongst us, is more and more narrowed to material science and to a babblement about laws; it is a classification of results; it is a fixing of boundaries; it is a search for the best, the most expeditious methods. What is wanted is an organic ontology, which, while spurning Hegelian abstractions and Platonic dreams, should yet contemptuously reject a prosaic positivism, and throw a poetic veil round the adorable mystery of universal life. Herein is implied a radiant, opulent, and victorious synthesis as puissant as that which gave birth to the cosmogonies and theogonies of the Hindoos. If philosophy is not as beautiful as poetry, as deep as religion, men must reject it as an imposture. Now, Mr. Spencer's philosophy is neither very beautiful nor very deep. It is simply analysis carried to its utmost possibilities. And when we ask for an organic ontology, Mr. Spencer offers us fragments, ruins, atoms, and the ghosts of atoms. Free from sophistries, Mr. Spencer's volume is full of fallacies. Mr. Spencer has taken much trouble to demonstrate what no one ever denied,—that the knowable and the unknowable are not the same thing. But it is surely childish to say as Mr. Spencer says, that religion and science are reconciled by both recognising the unknowable. By the recognition of the unknowable science does no more than admit its inability to pierce into the ultimate essence. Religion however does not concern itself about the ultimate essence, for this would imply speculative curiosity: but it is the unseen to which religion bows down, alike with humility and with rejoicing. To science the unknowable is in fact the non-existent: to religion the unknowable is the existence of existences. Strange reconciliation of science and religion this! Furthermore, Mr. Spencer speaks as if both religion and science viewed the unknowable as the equivalent of absolute being. Now absolute being is rejected equally by science and religion. Absolute being is the emptiest, most idiotic phrase ever employed by dreary pedants. What has no relations is a nonentity. The nobler anything, the more numerous are its relations; and the infinite principle of the universe is the sum and soul of relations in the universe. The antagonism between religion and science with which Mr. Spencer so incompetently deals we are inclined to banish to the realm of phantoms. Religion is sympathy with the invisible; and the primordial expressions of that sympathy are prayer, symbol, and ceremony. But of late, a fatal element has been active—dogmatism. Leave religion to its natural development; leave science to its natural progress: religion and science will gladly harmonise. Fetter religion, however, condemn it to immobility, and immediately religion and science become fierce and implacable foes.

There can be no real antagonism between religion and science, seeing that all science, like all civilisation, had a priestly origin. If we leave religion to its spontaneous growth, science will again be the obedient and loving minister of religion. But if religion is false through being stationary, false through being chained by the obstructives, shut up in the den of the obscurantists, science is false through shameless audacities. We would as little interfere with the freedom of science as with the march of religion. But what is science in these days? It is not reverent questioning of Nature—the holy mother: it is torturing nature at the confessional, in the inquisition. Nature is put on the rack, and her tragic shrieks are called the revelations of science. Now there can be no more pitiless tormentor of nature—that nature in her anguish and madness may breathe marvellous secrets—than Mr. Herbert Spencer. A favourite word with Mr. Spencer—and it is one of the most odious words in the English language—is *underlying*. Mr. Spencer's mission on this earth appears to be to ascertain what underlies this, what underlies that; why brooks run down a hill instead of up; why cats like heat, and why caterpillars eat cabbages. Next to *underlying*, the word which has most charm for Mr. Spencer's ears is *law*. Now, applied to the universe, law is a word, and a word only. For the sake of convenience, or by reason of his infirmity and shortsightedness, man may speak of universal laws; yet there cannot be a more inadequate or inapposite word than law to describe the spontaneous life of Creation. And what are many of those laws about which Mr. Spencer makes such a fuss? The most ludicrous common-places. Let us take as an illustration the law that organic growth takes place in the direction of least resistance. Would it not be superlatively absurd to imagine the contrary? Who would dream of sowing or of planting in the medium offering most resistance? What a strange mortal is often your would-be philosopher! Exceedingly prosaic, totally destitute of imagination, wholly a logician, Mr. Spencer can neither enter into the nature of

universal life nor the nature of human truth. For him truth is mainly an intellectual perception, or an intellectual conclusion. Now truth is either what the individual troweth, or it is the sum of vitalities at any particular period. When, consequently, Mr. Spencer maintains as a fact, disclosed by the survey of the past, that majorities have usually been wrong, he circumscribes truth within its narrowest intellectual import. Intellectually regarded, majorities are always in the wrong; but then man is not a purely intellectual machine. Men, in the mass, will always cling to, and obey, what is social, emotional, imaginative. And thus alone is the human race godlike; for the intellect isolates, impoverishes, paralyses. Rationalistic truth and passionate truth are never on the same side. Invariably, in politics, in theology, in everything else, rationalism has the best of the argument. But the people go their own way notwithstanding. The French are often reproached for forgetting liberty at the voice of glory. If, however, the Frenchman cares more for glory than for liberty, why should we quarrel with the Frenchman on that account? It is the Frenchman's nature, and there the matter ends. A patriotic Frenchman would not denounce his countrymen for loving glory; he would merely endeavour to direct their love of glory toward exalted objects. Majorities are never wrong when compared with minorities; they can only be wrong when judged by their own warmest and widest capabilities. Hence we cannot blame majorities for rejecting reforms till these assume a passionate, an emotional shape. By a series of cold propositions it may be demonstrated that a doctrine is erroneous, that an institution is corrupt. This is not enough for the people; there must be electric contagion, volcanic commotion; since man is a part of the universe, and cannot depart from the conditions of the universe.

From his hard, dry style, and from his starved, penurious phantasy, Mr. Spencer renders unattractive what, in itself, has supreme attraction. A year or two since we reviewed a German book by Dr. Louis Büchner on "Force and Substance." Some chapters of this book have recently been translated into English in a small periodical not much known. We reject Büchner's interpretations and conclusions. But he has beautifully, lovingly, we might almost say poetically, stated a fact which henceforth the maddest bigotry would hesitate to contradict that, from eternity force and substance have been identical; that from eternity the sum of force and substance has neither increased nor diminished—to eternity will neither diminish nor increase. To this grand central truth another pregnant truth is intimately bound—that of the correlation of forces. Now Mr. Spencer robs these sublime truths of their pith, their poetry, and, we might almost say, their scientific worth. He heaps up, after his fashion, truisms and twaddle about the indestructibility of matter, unable to perceive that matter and substance, are far, indeed, from being synonymous. It is exactly they who maintain the unity of substance and force, and the eternity both of force and substance who have the most unconquerable horror of materialism, and who are the most strenuous vindicators of the invisible. Mr. Spencer is emphatically a materialist, though he characterises the disputes between spiritualists and materialists as frivolous and profitless. A man may be a bore without being a blockhead, and he may be a blockhead without being a bore. The blockhead may be an amusing animal or he may have the sense to hold his tongue. Though an exceedingly clever and accomplished man, Mr. Spencer is a bore, intense and intolerable. His style, hard as it is, would not by itself explain this. But he is a bore because he pesters us with subjects about which we are indifferent, because he spends page after page to prove what has never been questioned, and because, after inviting us to explore the ocean of creation, he takes us round a millpond, and brings us back to the point from which we started. We are at a loss to know why this volume has received the pompous title of "First Principles." It is really a bundle of psychological crotchets, dragged by the old rope of French materialism along a desert of scientific aridities. How much wiser are we for knowing that life is a continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations—that the maintenance of life is simply the accurate correspondence of subjective to objective relations? Why should we be mocked by such sterile and stupid jargon? A logical axiom or definition cannot embrace an ontological fact or express a metaphysical idea. When, by an immense expenditure of quibbling and casuistry, Mr. Spencer has arrived at his logical axiom or definition, he imagines that he has unveiled to us the whole ontological, the whole metaphysical, domain. This would be a harmless delusion on the part of Mr. Spencer if we were not unfortunately compelled to read his book. Who are the voluntary readers of Mr. Spencer's productions it were hard to discover: most involuntary readers have we been of the present volume. The remaining nine volumes of the "System of Philosophy" we trust that it may not fall to our lot to peruse. We have always felt Auguste Comte to be one of the dullest of writers. But Comte's dullness is relieved by eccentricities. Mr. Spencer is duller than Comte; no eccentricities, however, vary the dullness, if we except some slight eccentricities of style. Thus, we have *mutual friend for common friend*. *Pseud-idea*, also, is ugly to look at, and by no means euphonious. We do not admire a passage like this: "There is a point at which force is being expended, and which so is becoming *minus* a force which it before had, instead of a *plus* force which before it had not." Mr. Spencer does not make his unpoetical pages more poetical by introducing us to the "falling cataract and the roaring hurricane," as the cataract generally falls and the hurricane generally roars. "Which it does not do," is a mode of expression to be avoided. *Regensis for palin-genesis* is scarcely pardonable.

"Was being differentiated," and "are being evolved," we decidedly condemn. "The demand joined to the ridicule suffice," would be deemed a gross blunder in the youngest schoolboy. "One of the most recent writers who has touched," is an example of an exceedingly common grammatical error. "Implies a supposed continuance of consciousness," is as clumsy as it is incorrect. If we consider how *proposition* is compounded, we cannot accept "posits a proposition" as accurate. "Those who may have before met with this term will perceive that it is here used in quite a different sense;" an incomplete sentence. Mr. Spencer means to say, that the term is used in a different sense from the ordinary one. We regret that a man so estimable and honourable as Mr. Spencer should condescend to a puffery of his own books by a continual reference to them in these pages. This is in the very worst taste. The less an author obtrudes himself or alludes to himself the better. Worthy Mr. Spencer furthermore sins by parading somewhat noisily his discoveries—if discoveries they be. Thus, he was the first to find that all motion is rhythmic. The idea is one of the oldest, and was clothed with poetry at an early period. There are three defects which underlie those on which we have commented. Mr. Spencer's classical culture has obviously been scanty, if indeed he has had any. His acquaintance with history does not go beyond the most beggarly rudiments, and he knows nothing except at second or third hand of the metaphysical developments in Germany and France during the last hundred years. Hereby his attempt to create a "system of philosophy" is made the more presumptuous. Out of analytical science, with which alone Mr. Spencer is familiar, genius the most transcendent cannot build a system of philosophy. Though some of our remarks have been severe, yet we have written of Mr. Spencer in no unfriendly spirit. Mr. Spencer is the foremost man of a particular school; but this school we abhor. It is, however, the only philosophical school in England which has arrived at a consistent scheme. Beyond this school we encounter an indolent, chaotic eclecticism. Mr. Spencer claims the respect due to distinct and daring individuality. Others are echoes or slaves. Mr. Spencer may be a usurper, but he has the voice and gesture of a king.

ATTICUS.

MORE LAST WORDS ABOUT SHELLEY.

Relics of Shelley. Edited by RICHARD GARNETT. London: Edward Moxon and Co. pp. 191.

THERE IS A HOMELY PROVERB IN EXISTENCE which tells us that too many cooks are very likely to spoil the broth. So Shelley has hitherto fared but badly among his numerous biographers, and Mr. Garnett's little volume, of course, has no pretensions to be considered other than supplementary. We need not now try to reconcile the conflicting statements touching the poet which are to be found in the several works of Messrs. Hogg and Trelawney and Lady Shelley. To these Mr. Garnett makes but scant allusion; reserving his literary discoveries and his logic for the refutation of certain statements respecting the poet, made some months ago in *Fraser's Magazine*, by Mr. Peacock. It has hitherto, we believe, been generally supposed that Mr. Peacock was very intimate with Shelley. The life of the latter was but a short one; and during the last eight years of it the poet undoubtedly was the constant and appreciative correspondent of Mr. Peacock. But Mr. Garnett, or rather the representative of the family of the late poet (for Mr. Garnett apparently speaks from his brief), does not like the manner in which Mr. Peacock speaks of the separation of Shelley from his first wife; and accordingly Mr. Peacock is taken to task, though in a manner which is very far from convincing us that he is wrong.

Mr. Garnett, indeed, gives his readers fully to understand that he could do a great deal if he had the will or the permission to do it, and he refers us to some mysterious and possibly forthcoming papers over which he shakes his head with Burleigh-like sagacity: "The papers referred to in *Macmillan's Magazine*, respecting the existence of which Mr. Peacock is so incredulous, demonstrate that Shelley and Harriet corresponded, both during the former's absence on the Continent and afterwards; that he visited her repeatedly after his return to England; that so late, at least, as December, 1814, he continued to take an affectionate interest in her, gave her much good advice, or what he regarded as such, &c., &c. The existence of documents to this effect is certain, for I have seen them. Whenever they are published, it will be acknowledged that the above is a perfectly fair *resumé* of their contents, and the inference is too obvious to require to be pointed out." That these documents are in existence, it is, of course, impossible to doubt after Mr. Garnett's declaration; but it would certainly be much more satisfactory to Mr. Peacock and to the public at large, if some one with less of a bias towards Shelley than Mr. Garnett were allowed also to inspect them. Mr. Garnett goes on to say: "A question of equal importance remains to be discussed. I had referred to the separation as 'a transaction preceded by long-continued unhappiness.'" Mr. Peacock had said, on the contrary (*Fraser's Magazine*, vol. li., p. 94): "There was no estrangement, no shadow of a thought of separation, till Shelley became acquainted, not long after the second marriage [March 24, 1814], with the lady who subsequently became his wife." Now, really we cannot see that the question is of very great importance. It is admitted on all sides that no charge can be brought against the first Mrs. Shelley; and it is also admitted that Shelley deserted her for the lady who afterwards became his second wife. In the case

of an ordinary man such a transaction would be stigmatised with a strong and by no means flattering appellation. But Shelley emphatically was not an ordinary man. We see this in every action of his life; in every page of his poetry. We see it in his boundless love of human kind; in his extraordinary and impulsive benevolence; in his thorough contempt for legal and social trammels, based on an ethical creed, fantastic perhaps, but thoroughly consistent. If either Brown, or Jones, or Robinson were, after having led for many years a very humdrum common-place existence, to start up and attempt wholly and entirely to remodel human nature, on the plea that everything that had been said, or thought, or done by man individually and collectively from the beginning to the present day was undeniably wrong, we should only smile, or probably think that Mr. Jones's right place of residence was a lunatic asylum. Similarly, if Mr. Jones, after living peaceably with the chosen wife of his bosom for years, were suddenly to see a pretty female neighbour, and as suddenly to make the discovery that the principles of eternal harmony required he should leave the former and cleave to the latter, we should probably not be far out in setting him down as a thorough scoundrel. Very different, however, is Shelley's case. From his boyhood he had been making war with conventionalities. At Eton he made the discovery that it was his duty to explain to his masters what they should teach and how they should teach it. At Oxford he found it equally his duty to proclaim himself a revolutionist and an atheist; and, in order that his light might not be hidden under a bushel, he sent a printed statement of his opinions to the authorities of his University, challenging them to send forth picked champions to contend for Christianity against himself as its adversary. This he did at seventeen; and the remainder of his life was perfectly consistent with the beginning. To measure the conduct of such a man by the tame but necessary rules of ordinary morality seems to us not less pedantic than absurd. That he should hastily see in the commonplace daughter of a retired tradesman the bright object who was destined in marriage with himself to produce a brood of regenerators for mankind, is scarcely to be wondered at. Scarcely more so that after an ill-assorted connection of three years he should find out his mistake and try to give effect to his philosophical fantasies and consolation to a heart full of love, sorrow, and hope, by a union with a lady whose beauty was such as would satisfy even the rigid standard of such a poet as he was, and whose intellectual endowments were such that keen critics have been puzzled to disprove her writings from those of her husband. We are not saying that Shelley would not have been much more happy and much more useful in his generation, had he not devised a new social gospel for himself; but we think Mr. Garnett's apology for him as useless as it is strange. For instance, Mr. Peacock is thus spoken of by Shelley: "A new acquaintance is on a visit with us this winter. He is a very mild, agreeable man, and a good scholar. His enthusiasm is not very ardent, nor his views very comprehensive; but he is neither superstitious, ill-tempered, dogmatical, nor proud." This coming from a critic so fastidious as Shelley seems to us a very favourable estimate of Mr. Peacock. But Mr. Garnett comments on it thus: "it is immaterial to inquire whether Shelley's right hand had forgotten its cunning when it thus sketched the mild man with the negative character. Possibly, the 'cold scholar' might have proved warm enough had he been detected in a series of mistakes or misrepresentations. It is enough that this was Shelley's opinion of Mr. Peacock; and that however amusing such a person might be as a companion, he was not one whom the poet would have thought of honouring or burdening with his confidence." In a note, Mr. Garnett clinches this *non sequitur* by one nearly as bad. It appears that Shelley preserved silence before Leigh Hunt (then residing with him) on some painful family affairs. "A *fortiori*," says Mr. Garnett, "he was not likely to confide in Mr. Peacock:

Hiding from many a careless eye
The scorned load of agony.

On the other hand, unless the letters published in *Fraser's Magazine* be forgeries (which will hardly be pretended), we feel certain that Shelley did place very great confidence, for at least eight years before his death, "in the mild man with the negative character." But a truce to these matters. Petty personalities and carping innuendoes are but a sorry prelude to the study of a poet so ideal and intellectually imaginative as Shelley was.

The "Relics of Shelley" might have, with at least equal correctness, been styled the "Relics of Mrs. Shelley," seeing that at least half the volume is from her pen. Some half-dozen letters there are, however, written by Shelley, of which we quote the longest. It bears testimony not less to the inexhaustible charity of the poet than to the almost equally inexhaustible assiduity with which the hat was passed round among his friends by the author of "Rimini."

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—My last two or three letters have, I fear, given you some uneasiness, or at least inflicted that portion of it which I felt in writing them. The aspect of affairs has somewhat changed since the date of that in which I expressed a repugnance to a continuance of intimacy with Lord Byron, so close as that which now exists; at least, it has changed so far as regards you and the intended journal. He expresses again the greatest eagerness to undertake it, and proceed with it, as well as the greatest confidence in you as his associate. He is for ever dilating upon his impatience of your delay, and his disappointment at your not having already arrived. He renews his expressions of disregard for the opinion of those who advised him against this alliance with you, and I imagine it will be no very difficult task to execute that which you have assigned me—to keep him in heart with the project until your arrival. Meanwhile, let my last letters, as far as they regard Lord Byron, be as if they had not been written. Particular circumstances, or rather, I should say, pa-

teicular dispositions in Lord Byron's character, render the close and exclusive intimacy with him in which I find myself intolerable to me; thus much, my best friend, I will confess and confide to you. No feelings of my own shall injure or interfere with what is now nearest to them—your interest, and I will take care to preserve the little influence I may have over this Proteus in whom such strange extremes are reconciled, until we meet—which we now must, at all events, soon do. * * *

Lord Byron showed me your letter to him, which arrived with mine yesterday. How shall I thank you for your generous and delicate defence and explanation of my motives? I fear no misinterpretation from you, and from any one else I despise and defy it.*

So you think I can make nothing of Charles the First. *Tanto peggio*. Indeed, I have written nothing for this last two months: a slight circumstance gave a new train to my ideas, and shattered the fragile edifice when half built. What motives have I to write? I had motives, and I thank the God of my own heart they were totally different from those of the other apes of humanity who make mouths in the glass of the time. But what are those motives now? The only inspiration of an ordinary kind I could descend to acknowledge would be the earning 100l. for you; and that it seems I cannot.

Poor Marianne, how ill she seems to have been! Give my best love to her, and tell her I hope she is better, and that I know as soon as she can resolve to set sail, that she will be better. Your rooms are still ready for you at Lord Byron's. I am afraid they will be rather hot in the summer; they were delightful winter rooms. My post [MS. illegible] must be transformed by your delay into a *pauca post futurum*.

Lord Byron begs me to ask you to send the enclosed letter to London in an enclosure, stating when you mean to sail, and in what ship. It is addressed to the wife of his valet Fletcher, who wishes to come out to join him under your protection, and, I need not tell you to promise her safety and comfort. * * * All happiness attend you, my best friend, and believe that I am watching over your interests with the vigilance of painful affection. Mary will write next post. Adieu. Yours, S.

Is it not more than possible, from Mr. Garnett's note, that Leigh Hunt, having forgotten all about the letter, equally forgot all about the loan?

Reviewers alone lay under the perpetual ban of the poet, partly, no doubt, in consequence of his assuming that the article in the *Quarterly Review* actually threw Keats into a consumption. "Reviewers," writes Shelley, "with some rare exceptions, are a most stupid and malignant race. As a bankrupt thief turns thieftaker in despair, so an unsuccessful author turns critic."

There is much sweetness in the following poem, which is headed "Lines Written in the Bay of Lerici:"

She left me at the silent time
When the moon had ceased to climb
The azure path of heaven's steep,
And like an albatross asleep,
Balanced on her wings of light,
Hovered in the purple night,
Ere she sought her ocean nest
In the chambers of the west.
She left me, and I stayed alone,
Thinking over every tone,
Which, though silent to the ear,
The enchanted heart could hear,
Like notes which die when born, but still
Haunt the echoes of the hill,
And feeling ever—O, too much!—
The soft vibration of her touch,
As if her gentle hand even now
Lightly trembled on my brow,
And thus, although she absent were,
Memory gave me all of her
That even Fancy dares to claim:—
Her presence had made weak and tame
All passions, and I lived alone
In the time which is our own;
The past and future were forgot,
As they had been, and would be, not;

But soon, the guardian angel gone,
The demon reassumed his throne
In my faint heart. I dare not speak
My thoughts; but thus disturbed and weak
I sat, and saw the vessels glide
Over the ocean bright and wide
Like spirit-winged chariots sent
O'er some serenest element,
For ministrations strange and far,
As if to some Elysian star,
Sailed for drink to medicine
Such sweet and bitter pain as mine.
And the winds that winged their flight
From the land came fresh and light;
And the scent of winged flowers,
And the coolness of the hours
Of dew, and sweet warmth left by day,
Were scattered o'er the twinkling bay,
And the fisher, with his lamp
And spear, about the low rocks damp
Crept, and struck the fish which came
To worship the delusive flame.
Too happy they, whose pleasure sought,
Extinguishes all sense and thought
Of the regret that pleasure leaves,
Destroying life alone, not peace!

Less finished are the following fragments; to which, however, there is this interest attached, that they appear to have been originally written for "Hellas."

Fairest of the Destinies,
Disarm thy dazzling eyes:
Keener far thy lightnings are
Than the winged [bolts] thou bearest,
And the smile thou wearest
Wraps thee as a star
Is wrapt in light.
Could Arethuse to her forsaken urn
From Alpheus and the bitter Doris run,
Or could the morning shafts of purest light
Again into the quivers of the Sun
Be gathered—could one thought from its wild flight
Return into the temple of the brain
Without a change, without a stain,—
Could aught that is, ever again
Be what it once has ceased to be,
Greece might again be free!
A star has fallen upon the earth
Mid the benighted nations,
A quenchless atom of immortal light,
A living spark of Night,
A cresset shaken from the constellations.
Swifter than the thunder fell
To the heart of Earth, the well
Where its pulses flow and beat,
And unextinct in that cold source
Burns, and on
Guides the sphere which is its prison,
Like an angelic spirit pent
In a form of mortal birth,
Till, as a spirit half arisen
Shatters its charnel, it has rent,
In the rapture of its mirth,
The thin and painted garment of the Earth,
Ruling its chaos—a fierce breath
Consuming all its forms of living death.

* In "Leigh Hunt's Correspondence," vol. II., p. 180, is a fragment of a letter in which he questions the genuineness of a letter from Shelley to Byron, applying on his behalf and at his request for pecuniary assistance, and published in Moore's life of the latter. On subsequently finding the present letter among his papers, he became convinced of his mistake, and acknowledged it in a communication to Lady Shelley. He added, however, that he never received the loan of which Shelley obtained the promise: what circumstance may have intercepted it, cannot now be ascertained.

"Orpheus" is not, we think, the work of Shelley. We say this, not so much because no trace of this poem appears in the poet's notebooks as because it has little of that *curiosa felicitas* of expression which distinguishes Shelley's poetry, wherein for the most part each word will be seen on careful examination to be exactly the one which should have been chosen. Nor, indeed, does the "thought" of Orpheus remind us more of Shelley than the expression. Mr. Garnett ingeniously suggests that this poem was an attempt at improvisation, as it bears the date of 1820, and in that year Shelley had several times heard Sgricci, the renowned *improvisatore*. Shelley, be it known, was a most careful corrector of his poetry, erasing and restoring until the turn of expression satisfied his fastidious ear. Mr. Trelawny says of the original MS. of "Lines to a Lady with a Guitar"—It was a frightful scrawl; words smeared out with his finger, and one upon the other, over and over in tiers, and all run together in most admired disorder. When, however, Shelley wrote for the printer, his hand-writing, as we learn from Mr. Garnett, was singularly neat and beautiful.

"Orpheus" concludes thus:

He does no longer sit upon his throne
Of rock upon a desert herbless plain,
For the evergreen and knotted ilexes,
And cypresses that seldom wave their
boughs,
And sea-green olives with their grateful
fruit,
And elms dragging along the twisted
vines,
Which drop their berries as they follow
fast,
And blackthorn bushes with their infant
race
Of blushing rose blooms; beeches, to
lovers dear,
And weeping willows, too; all swift or
slow,

As their long boughs or lighter dress permit,
Have circled in his throne, and Earth herself
Has sent from her maternal breast a growth
Of starry flowers and herbs of odour sweet,
To pave the temple that his poetry
Has framed, while near his feet grim lions
crouch,
And kids, fearless from love, creep near his
lair.
Even the blind worms seem to feel the
sound.
The birds are silent, hanging down their
heads,
Perched on the lowest branches of the
trees;
Not even the nightingale intrudes a note
In rivalry, but all entranced she listens.

Few persons acquainted with Shelley's poetry will be disposed to tax the author of "Hellas" with the authorship of these lines.

Mr. Garnett concludes the volume with some poetry of his own. Some of the lines are pretty enough, but we have only to read Shelley and then Garnett to learn the difference between a poet and a poetaster.

"THE QUEEN'S MARIES."

The Queen's Maries: A Romance of Holyrood. By G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, Author of "Digby Grand," &c. 2 vols. London: Parker, Son, and Bourn.

WE HAVE A COMMON SAYING that there is no accounting for tastes. Certainly there is no accounting for the taste which has led Mr. Whyte Melville to desert the fast young sporting ladies and dandified but daring squires of his former novels in order to write "the dry pages of a historical novel," to use his own expression applied to his own work. Not, indeed, that, after all, the fault of "The Queen's Maries" is its dryness. Mr. Whyte Melville is quite sufficiently endowed with powers of imagination to enable him to paint the portraits of bygone personages with ease, if not exactness; and, doubtless, sufficiently clever to write that very worthless thing, viz., a historical romance which will please many readers, if he would only come unprejudiced to the execution of his task. But this he has not done in the present case; and he has shown his bias in the title-page, which contains a dedication to the most mischievous and prejudiced of modern historical romance writers, Miss Agnes Strickland. We confess we could almost have pardoned Mr. Melville his enthusiasm for Mary herself. Her physical gifts were, doubtless, very remarkable, and those of her mind infinitely above the average of ordinary grand ladies; and her crimes were perhaps hardly, after all, greater than her misfortunes. It has, too, become a sort of creed with writers who ought to know better, that there is something very chivalrous in whitewashing the character of Mary Stuart, and proving that apt pupil of Catherine de Medicis and Cardinal Lorraine to be, in defiance of all historical truth, an injured saint, whose cruel trials stamp eternal infamy on all those agents who had any hand in bringing them about; and here is exactly "the rub" which will make Mr. Whyte Melville's otherwise pleasant volumes extremely disagreeable reading to all lovers of historical truth. Mary's character cannot be cleansed unless a vast deal of dirt be very unfairly flung upon personages who by no means deserved such treatment. Moreover, Mary's whitewashing must, to a great extent, be extended to her friends and supporters. Thus, Mr. Whyte Melville has not a single good word to bestow on the Earl of Murray, who is painted as a cold, calculating plotter, occupied day and night in silently and sedulously collecting and weaving together those little threads which are to make the strong cord whereby his sister is to be dragged to the block. On the other hand, Bothwell is elevated into a highly chivalrous and accomplished gentleman, the innate nobility of whose soul is, in a great measure, the cause of those outbursts against law, order, and common morality, which his biographer in the pages before us so assiduously endeavours to soften down. We must do Mr. Melville the justice to say that he acts very wisely in quitting the story of Mary's career just where he does. The serene saintliness of the Scottish Queen's character is not impaired in these pages by the unpleasant episode of Darnley's murder, whose errors and vices she is represented as bearing with the serene patience of a thoroughly Christian woman. Unfortunately copies of her own letters remain which show that this queenly saint, herself a

married woman, was at this time employed in writing to Bothwell, also a married man, and expressing her intention "to follow him round the world in a white petticoat sooner than forsake him." There is something terrible in the cool calculating way in which Mary Stuart watched her husband while stretched by illness on what she had determined should prove his death-bed; and reported his every look and word to his hated rival, the Earl of Bothwell: "I have never seen him carry himself better, or heard him speak so; and if I had not had proof that his heart is soft as wax, while mine is as hard as a diamond, whereunto no shot can make breach but that which comes from your hand, I would almost have had pity on him." Truly the woman who could write this did well to speak of her heart as being as "hard as a diamond."

Mr. Melville speaks rapturously of Mary's union with Darnley as being, on her side at least, a love match. There is really no proof whatever that this was so, indeed not a little which makes the other way. Darnley, at the time of his marriage, was a mere boy, possessed of some personal attractions doubtless, but of a remarkably weak mind; though, like most weak minds, one of mulish obstinacy, as the Queen found afterwards to her cost. On the other hand, he was, after herself, the next heir to the English throne; and his family had great influence with the Roman Catholics of England. The Queen naturally expected that the poor brainless boy would be a puppet in her hands, and as naturally that her marriage would greatly strengthen her chance of succeeding to Elizabeth's throne. So much for the love match on which Mr. Melville dilates with such unction, and which deservedly proved the ruin of Mary. Has Mr. Melville, we may ask, ever seen Turnbull's translation of selected letters from the "Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart;" if he had, he must have seen that this love-stricken woman thought much more of Plutus than of Cupid when she selected a second husband. In a series of notes in her own handwriting, of which Mr. Turnbull gives a copy in his work, she criticises the claims of her suitors in the coolest and most calculating manner possible. She has something to say about suitors from each of the reigning families of France, Savoy, Spain, and Denmark. Only once does the slightest mark of inclination break out when speaking of a Prince of the House of Austria, not otherwise objectionable to her feelings, she remarks that "he is without power or interest to further my claims on the sovereignty of this island." No sporting man, while making up a book, ever more coolly scanned the different chances of a field of opposing racehorses than did Mary those of her suitors. Her stake was the crown of England; and if, after all her hedging and calculation, her choice of Darnley was a mistaken one, we have, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that she did not deserve to win. If the historical part of Mr. Melville's work be not much to our taste, we hardly like its execution better. Fancy the clever and amusing author of "Digby Grand" and "Mr. Sawyer in the Shires," descending to such slipshod stuff as "he was a man of less than thirty summers" or writing *à la* G. P. R. James, "It was a chill autumn night. Beyond the walls a rising breeze moaned fitfully over the dreary flats," &c. Here, too, is a piece of romance: "it is notorious, that even the lower animals acknowledged the influence of this captivating nature. Dogs attached themselves to the Queen with their brave fidelity, from the instant they came into her presence. She loved to dress her own hawks, and was pleased to boast that she could reclaim the wild bird of the air with greater facility than the most experienced of her falconers. Horses that fretted and chafed under the boldest cavaliers, would bend at once to the gentle hand of the royal equestrian, and carry her with safety and docility. The brute yielded gladly, as though proud to contribute to her happiness; and man looked, and longed, and grieved, and did his best to make both himself and her miserable." Major Melville elsewhere in these pages tells us that there is no theme so seductive as the beauty of a horse, and we must confess that we like his discourse on "velvet muzzles" and "flinty hoofs" of horses much better than on the ringlets and *grandes toilettes* of maids of honour.

Major Melville then, if he will take our advice, will not attempt to rival the worthless fecundity of G. P. R. James. Let him return to the English hunting field and the London *pavé*, the habitudes of each of which he so skilfully describes; and let him once for all eschew historical romances, if he can give us nothing better than "Holmby House" and "The Queen's Maries" the last of which, however, is incomparably the worst of the two.

HUGH MILLER'S ESSAYS.

Essays by Hugh Miller. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. pp. xiii., 495.

PROFOUND ADMIRATION AND PROFOUND REGRET simultaneously fill our minds at the mention of the name of Hugh Miller. He, if ever any man, lived a life which might serve as a model for imitation and an example for the encouragement of the poor in pocket but rich in intellect; and he, if ever any man, might have been expected to sink, full of years and full of honours, without disquiet into the grave. He assuredly had not hidden his talent in a napkin; the powers that had been vouchsafed to him from above he had cultivated to a marvel; and, by the innate vigour which was fostered by a rigid self-education, the humble mason's labourer had raised himself to no mean rank amongst the teachers and the guides of his fellow men. Nor is it the force alone of the man which im-

presses one; there is an occasional grace which charms us, and a frequent versatility which surprises us. He wrote upon many subjects, and upon all of them well. Added to this, he was deeply imbued with a spirit of Christianity, with a simple reverence for the heavenly and a pure love for the earthly. He was, if we may judge from his writings, "kindly man moving amongst his kind." Would Solon have bidden us wait for the end of such a man? Alas! that end was a shock to many; it was one more proof of the inscrutability of Providence and of the truth that His ways are past finding out. But we will not dwell upon the painful subject: we meditate upon it with awe; we turn away from it with compassionate wonder; and we leave it to be pondered in the secrecy of the closet. It may be that a lesson may be learnt therefrom: the strongest frame will not bear over-work, the most powerful mind may be over-tasked.

Mr. Miller, as many of our readers are perhaps aware, for several years conducted the *Witness* newspaper, and it is computed that he wrote therein certainly not less than a thousand articles. Of these, it has seemed right to his friends and admirers, that some should be rescued from the inevitable oblivion which would hide them from the gaze of all who either had never seen the *Witness*, or had not retained copies all it, or had not, lastly, the advantage of access to its file, except they should be collected and offered to the public in the form of a handy volume. Mr. Peter Bayne has, therefore, put forth this collection of sixteen "historical and biographical," sixteen "political and social," and fourteen "literary and scientific" essays, which, should it be favourably received, we may expect to see followed up by others. Mr. Bayne is "not prepared to say that these are the most striking or powerful articles published in the *Witness* by Mr. Miller," and we are free to confess that we have seen articles by other persons in other papers as striking and as powerful as the best of them. It is true that when Mr. Miller has to speak of Roman Catholic priests and Roman Catholic kings and queens, and indeed whenever anything connected with Popery has to be spoken of, there is no complaint to be made in respect of the force of his epithets and expressions, and that there is very often a striking illustration from natural objects; but we are inclined to think that in the half-promised future volumes there will be found articles more striking and more powerful than any in this present collection, or we have over-estimated Mr. Miller's powers. We were prepared to find far more evidences than we have found of the lusty mason's labourer; more thew and sinew; more tenaciousness; more wielding of the mallet; more downright thwacks. It may be that not holding the views of Mr. Miller always, we may have thought him a little diffuse and a little uninteresting when he would appear to one of his own following fluent in the one case and absorbing in the other, for "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." We would add, moreover, that the consecutive reading of newspaper articles, and we were compelled to read most of them consecutively, prevents one from doing each strict justice, inasmuch as the want of connexion of each with its predecessor leaves that piecemeal impression upon the mind which is so damaging to the general effect produced by a volume. Nevertheless there were many which we could read again, had we the time, with much pleasure; amongst which we may mention "Royal Progresses, Recent and Remote;" "The Cromwell Controversy;" "Lord Jeffrey;" "The Burns Festival and Hero-worship;" "Glen-Tilt Tabooed;" "The Amenities of Literature," chiefly, it must be confessed, for an exquisite extract, describing the death of Chatterton, from a work of Professor Masson; and "Is Game Property?" principally because it has left an impression upon our mind that Mr. Miller talks as though game were considered in law property. There are also two articles called "Parting Impressions of the Great Exhibition," for the reading of which the present is a favourable occasion. Mr. Miller, of course, speaks of the Exhibition of 1851, and it is amusing to read in his very first sentence that it is "a lesson unique in the history of the species, which has been fairly given, but which, upon the same scale at least, we need scarce hope to see repeated." If Sir Joseph Paxton's creation was simply a development of a cucumber-frame, we wonder what Mr. Miller would have said to Capt. Fowkes'. Nothing surprises one more, considering the early disadvantages under which he laboured, than the literary purity and correctness of Mr. Miller's style, to which testimony has been borne by no less an authority than Mr. Marsh in his Lectures on the English Language.

SPORTING IN CASHMERE.

The Rifle in Cashmere: a Narrative of Shooting Expeditions in Ladack, Cashmere, Punjab, &c. With Advice on Travelling, Shooting, and Stalking; to which are added Notes on Army Reform and Indian Politics. By ARTHUR BRINCKMAN, late of H.M.'s 94th Regiment. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. pp. 244.

AS FAR AS A VERY AGREEABLY WRITTEN VOLUME ON SPORTING MATTERS, the materials of which have been collected in a little visited, but highly interesting, country is concerned, Mr. Brinckman's little book may be highly commended. If he had stuck to his sporting, and left the troubled field of Indian politics alone, it would have been undoubtedly better; for exactly in proportion as we commend the sportsman in his person are we compelled to disapprove of the politician.

We pass over the early chapters of the book. They refer to the voyage out. Mr. Brinckman kindly spares us a description of Gibraltar—a subject upon which almost every young military travel-writer is prone to flash his maiden pen. The regiment went from Queenstown to India in

the ill-fated *Austria*, which, on a subsequent voyage, was lost, and Mr. Brinckman seizes the opportunity to testify to the courageous conduct of her commander, Captain Hetman, on the occasion of a storm which happened during the voyage. This was rendered necessary by a charge brought by one of the survivors of the fatal event, that Captain Hetman had lost his head; "but" (says Mr. Brinckman) "those who saw his behaviour that fearful night, when he had the 94th on board, will never believe it. Very likely" (he adds, with much good sense), "when he saw the passengers in a panic, and the women fainting and screaming, he may have thought or said the ship was lost: and if he fell overboard, it was in all probability by accident. There can be no doubt that if there had been a regiment on board when the fire broke out, the *Austria* would not have been destroyed. Any one who doubts, ought to read about the *Sarah Sands*. I do not mean that troops are braver than passengers, but they do what they are told. In a passenger-ship every one looks after himself or his wife."

Mr. Brinckman and his regiment were stationed at Pindie, and then at Peshawur. He took advantage of short leaves of absence to have some sporting on the banks of the Indus, up to Attock—which has been well named the Gate of India. Here the principal game was the Ouriar, a fine native sheep with large horns, which has to be stalked like a deer.

The ouriar require a little stalking, but do not mind seeing so much as smelling you, because they see the villagers about them all day. Several times, when there was no way of getting near without being seen, Mumarras and I used to take up a great bundle of dead sticks and leaves, put them on our heads, and walk on before them. This we did till out of sight, when, having got behind them, an easy stalk would follow. The males are not so easily found as the does, especially near Kaladil, where I always saw twenty does to one buck. To hunt them properly, get on to the hills by daylight, and having got within shot of ouriar and fired, do not move a muscle. The ouriar almost invariably run a few yards, and then stop and stare. On one occasion I killed three males at a stalk, and very often two. Sometimes I have had them run right up to me, not knowing where the shot came from. A big male is very seldom bagged; the largest I ever saw was killed by an officer of the 98th at Choe. Mumarras told me that those with enormous horns are smaller in the body; in fact, a smaller animal altogether. I have often observed this in other game. Out of thirteen males I killed my last trip, seven only were full grown rams; and the one Mumarras said was the oldest sheep of the lot, had the smallest horns of the seven. A—, of my regiment, who was with me here for ten days, only got one shot at a male. Five of those I killed were shot off the Futeh Jung Road. Such is luck in shooting; though, as I said before, ouriar don't mind seeing you, provided you don't come too close.

At last Mr. Brinckman had an opportunity of hunting in Cashmere. He confesses at the outset that, in spite of its remoteness, "Cashmere has got Cockney; upwards of two hundred Europeans visit the country yearly. Any day, while stalking, you are liable to meet somebody else." This must be very provoking certainly to a sportsman of exclusive tastes, and such Mr. Brinckman evidently is. Battue shooting is evidently not to his taste, and he even half disapproves of Lieutenant Rice's bold method of facing the tiger, because "even then you must have beaters. It is a pity (he adds) that there is no such thing as tiger-stalking." Again, he adds, "elephants should be killed on foot, even in Africa; there can be no excitement if one can canter away when the elephant gets angry. . . . A true sportsman would sooner work hard for ten days and bag a good male in the end, than kill a hundred head of driven game, or ride down fifty elephants or lions and then shoot them. Some men only seem to enjoy the actual firing of the shot that kills an animal. To one who really appreciates the sport, nearly all the pleasure lies in the stalk, and the uncertainty gives the whole charm." These are what may be termed highly sporting views certainly.

The finest game in Cashmere is undoubtedly the Ovis Ammon. Mr. Brinckman had his share of these sheep, but he records that he was rather disappointed in them:

On July 12 I killed two male ovis ammon. Puljaur and I slid down the hill in full view of them, but managed to escape their notice. Two of them began to fight, and made a great noise, knocking their heads together. I got within thirty yards, and picked out the biggest, and kept still; and then had the luck to kill another, when they stopped to stare. Ovis ammon are considered the most wary, difficult animals to stalk. Colonel Markham even says, that driving is the only plan likely to succeed with them. Now, in my opinion, if the shooter will only use his brains, not be in a hurry, and move slowly, they will not be found more difficult to approach than any other animal. If they are feeding on flat ground, leave them alone till they feed on to good ground. If, however, they keep on the flat ground, go back and return next day. (By the way, I would sooner use a monkey as shikaree in Ladak than a Cashmerie. The jungle and the terrain generally in both countries are quite different.) I never had a stalk fail after ovis ammon. I always got within a hundred yards, sometimes within ten. No matter how shy or knowing an animal may be, he must yield to man if he goes the right way to work. No wild animal will let you walk up and put salt on his tail, if he sees or smells you; but if you let him feed on to good ground, he must get close to your rifle sooner or later, provided the wind is in your favour. In Ladak, the grass is so scarce that an animal feeds nearly all day. In Cashmere, game are generally lying down from ten to four in the afternoon. I was rather disappointed in ovis ammon; they seemed to be only gigantic ouriar. The largest head I bagged had horns 41 inches in length and 18½ thick; the ends, though, were split off. I am aware that the measurements given in this book are smaller than those given by a recent author; but in his book he calls a middle-sized ibex an animal with horns 48 inches. I should call this very large, and not one in twenty are killed that length. I have heard of them of 52 inches, but I never saw one approaching that length myself. Ovis ammon, like most game, generally stand, and give you a second chance; and sometimes they come back to look for their comrade, whom you have shot; but they take care to look from a distance. Ovis ammon is the only game worth killing in this part of Ladak. At the Indus, near Pooga, I saw a great number of men and sheep crossing to Tartary. Just after passing them, I came suddenly on three ovis ammon drinking at the river, and on the very path where these men had just passed. They ran up the hill at once, but Puljaur and I walked on quick, Puljaur singing till opposite to them, when I sat down and fired, Puljaur going on. I killed a young male.

When in the midst of Cashmere Mr. Brinckman received some interesting intelligence from home, which he duly records in his journal:

About this time I got the account of the fight between Heenan and Sayers.

A great many of the villagers at Gyah had come to stare at my heads and skins; so, at Puljaur's request, I read out the whole of the fight, putting "conks" and "mugs" into my best Hindustani, Puljaur translating. He got so excited, that he challenged Malik for fifty rupees a side, but no fight came off.

The following hints to stalkers will no doubt be appreciated by sportsmen:

Never fire off the edge of a rock if you can possibly avoid it, as the gun often shakes, or slips, when thus used; besides, a piece of rock may be in line with the muzzle and may escape your notice. This happened to me twice, the bullet touching the stone within a foot of the muzzle.

Always cast your own bullets, or you may fire off a hollow one occasionally if you trust to your servants to make them.

When drawing to the end of a stalk, go slower, and if you are out of breath, rest a little before going to look over the ridge from whence you expect to fire.

On approaching game, don't hold your breath and walk on tiptoe, or you will be sure to get out of breath: tread naturally and carefully, breathing as you like, and remember that it is not the rustling of twigs that an animal minds so much, but the "thud, thud," of a stamping foot. Of course, all depends on the nature of the ground and on how near you may be.

Do not fire unless the animal presents a good shot. Of course, if you think he has seen or smelt you, you must fire at him as he stands.

When taking aim, you should see the greater part of the animal's body above your foresight.

Sitting is the best position for firing; if you can't sit, kneel, or fire from your knees.

Do not try the Hythe position, as you wear grass shoes, and might hurt yourself.

If you rest your rifle on anything, only rest it at the muzzle.

Pull the trigger gradually, which is half the secret of good ride-shooting, though it is tantalising at game, but the accuracy repays you for the trifling delay.

You should always use the same kind of powder, and the same charge, and always load slowly if you possibly can.

An animal generally looks farther off than he really is, especially among hills and ravines. Across a ravine he looks nearer than he is.

Always use the same barrel first at the stalk shot; and I should recommend you always to use the left, as the trigger of that barrel comes nicer to the pull.

Twigs sometimes turn a bullet firing through bushes. Avoid this if you can; there is nothing like a clear shot.

Never let a shikaree speak to you when near game. You often hear them praying for the shot to kill, and they are very fond of whispering, "Aim at the singwallah."

Never fire at running game on the hills: wait till he stops. An animal will almost always stop and have a stare after he has gone some distance.

When approaching game, draw your barrels across your left arm, and give a puff at the back sight to remove the dust.

Never cock a barrel unless just going to fire it.

To this he subsequently adds a piece of sound advice: "If you bring wine or brandy from the plains, it should be carried by coolies, to avoid breakage. Except on occasions when I met a friend, I never touched wine or spirits during the whole time I was hunting. I always had a bottle of brandy by me, in case of any one being ill; but, for my own part, I think no sportsman ought ever to touch either; neither should he smoke."

The most exciting hunting adventures which Mr. Brinckman enjoyed were after the bears, of which he killed many. The pursuit of this animal is somewhat more dangerous than stalking the Ovis Ammon. On one occasion an infuriated bear attacked one of the hunters, and inflicted upon him most deadly injuries. To face a bear without holding a good rifle in your hand, and also being well prepared to use it, is evidently no joke.

As the title-page informs us, the latter part of the book is devoted to the discussion of army reform and Indian politics. With some of Mr. Brinckman's views on the former we heartily concur. He thinks, for example, that the competitive examination scheme has been a little overdone among our young officers. "I do not see (he observes) why there is such a continual cry about the education of officers. They are second to none in their general knowledge; and, taken as a body, they are as well informed on literary and scientific subjects, as any other class of gentlemen in the country. The trade of officers is to fight, which they do to perfection. Bookworms are not the best men to get into the army. As to the private soldiers, if they can read and write, and like to learn as much as possible besides, every facility should be given to them. But we should not press them to learn. It is our interest to teach a man who volunteers to study; but if we try to get as many as possible to learn, we get too many men of the class known as "lawyer soldiers"—men who, when they have read a little, imagine they know as much as their officers. There is no man so bad to have in your company as one of this description." Mr. Brinckman also defends his cloth from some aspersions which, as he says, are most unjustly cast upon them by persons who know little or nothing of the matter. "Subalterns have always borne a stupid character in print. Novelists make Ensign Spoon playing or gambling with Captain Rook, a fast young muff, trying to talk about horses, calling everything a bore, always playing practical jokes, knowing nothing, and drinking a good deal. With regard to betting and gambling, it is nothing in the army to what goes on among civilians. The highest bet I ever saw made while I was in the service was ten pounds on a foot race between two officers. As for being fast, perhaps one officer may keep a horse more than he actually requires to ride; but not one subaltern in twenty lives beyond his income. I never saw any practical joking; and certainly it is not worse in the army than at college. Altogether the subaltern is as good a specimen of young England as one could wish to see." That this may be the fortunate state of things in some of our regiments we are fain, on the assurance of Mr. Brinckman, to believe; but that it is by no means the universal rule, some disclosures made not very long ago in Portugal-street, as to a young officer's jeweller's bill, and the disposal of the valuables, too conclusively proved. As for the amount of information and intelligence, we have the assurance of a credible witness that in the messroom of one of her Majesty's regiments of Guards, not one single officer could tell the origin of the name of the winner of the last Derby: the majority inclining to the opinion that Caractacus was the name of an island in the Ægean Sea.

In speaking of India and the Indians we find less reason to approve of Mr. Brinckman's views. In speaking of the natives, he treats them, as, to be sure, all the white sahibs do, *de haut en bas*. "The charitable course," he says, "is at once to acknowledge the natives as greatly inferior to Christians in every virtue, and then try hard to improve them." This is no doubt a very convenient mode of disposing of the question (just as it is to take it for granted that India is the natural heritage of Englishmen); but it might possibly be suggested that cultivated individuals may exist among the Hindoos who can hardly be brought to recognise their inferiority to the samples of Christians who are sent among them, and who could with difficulty be persuaded into the belief that the English in India were otherwise than invaders.

THREE CENTURIES OF GERMAN LIFE.

Pictures of German Life in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries. By GUSTAVE FREYTAG. Translated from the original by Mrs. MALCOLM. Copyright Edition. 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1862.

M. FREYTAG'S PICTURES OF GERMAN LIFE have been very successful in the author's own country; and Mrs. Malcolm has done her duty as a translator so well, that English readers unacquainted with the German language will lose little or nothing of the excellence of the original. M. Freytag's doctrine is one which has been accepted by most historians, viz., that the world at large has been steadily progressing for centuries past in everything which can conduce to the comfort and welfare of mankind; and that, although civilisation may bring much misery in her train, or rather is not strong enough yet to fight with that misery, the historical student who reviews the past calmly and philosophically cannot fail to have great hopes for the future of our race. M. Freytag, in giving his readers pictures of German life extending over nearly three centuries, has in his introduction very distinctly brought into the foreground the gradual advance of German civilisation and its distinctive features during each of the epochs illustrated in these pages. A very pleasing trait in this volume is the variety of its pictures. Thus we have one scene from the Hussite war; another from the life of a German lady of the Royal Court; another from the autobiography of a travelling student; another from the household of a burgher family, &c.

Here is an odd picture of a German magnate—one of the old Royal house of Silesian Piastens—Duke Heinrich XI. of Liegnitz:

He had not the frivolity of his courtiers, who cast off all reflection, but he entirely lacked all moral feeling. Being a prince, this recklessness for a long time answered, for with a pleasing facility he slipped out of all difficulties, and with a smile or dignified surprise, made his way out of positions that would have brought burning blushes to the cheeks of most others. It was indifferent to him how he obtained money; when in distress he wrote begging letters to all the world, even to the Romish Legate, though himself a Protestant; from every court and city which he visited, and where, according to the custom of those times he was entertained, he endeavoured to borrow money. Generally the host, taken by surprise, came to terms with Schweinichen, and instead of the loan, a small travelling fee was given, with which the prince was content. He had a wife, an insignificant woman, whom he was sometimes compelled to take with him; she had also to make shift and contract debts like him, and after having forced herself on the hospitality of the rich Bohemian nobles, she sought for loans through Schweinichen, and received their courtly refusals with princely demeanour. All this would be simply contemptible if there was not something original in it, as Duke Heinrich, in spite of all, had a strong feeling of the princely dignity which he so often disgraced, and was, as far as outward appearance was concerned, a distinguished man. No only with his Schweinichen, but also in the courts of foreign princes, indeed even in social intercourse with the Emperor, he was, according to the ideas of these times, an agreeable companion, well skilled in knightly pursuits, always good humoured, amused with every joke made by others, quick at repartee, and in serious things he appeared really eloquent. In some matters also he showed in his actions traces of a manly understanding. However unseemly his tyrannical conduct, as Duke, towards his States, however strange his open resistance to the Imperial power, and however childish his hope of becoming elective King of Poland, yet the foundation of all this was the abiding feeling that his noble origin gave him the right to aspire to the highest position. He was always encrossed with political interests and plans. Nothing ever prospered to him, for he was unstable, reckless, and not to be trusted, but his aims were always great, either a king's throne or a field-marshal's staff. It was this, and not his drunken follies, that cast him down from his throne, and at last into the grave. On one other point he was steadfast,—he was a Protestant; although did not hesitate a moment to demand loans of his Catholic opponents in the most shameless way; yet when the Papal Legate promised him a considerable revenue, and indeed his reinstatement in his principality if he would become a Roman Catholic, he rejected this proposal with contempt. If he engaged himself as a soldier, it was by preference against the Hapsburgs. Such a personage, with his freedom from all principle, his complete recklessness, his impracticable and at the same time elastic character, and his mind filled with the highest projects, appears to us a representative of the dark side which is developed in the Slavonic nature.

M. Freytag remarks that the sixteenth century was one of marked progress in the Teutonic world. Especially is the literature of the year 1599 a vast improvement in style, spirit, and conviction upon that of 1499.

The following, from a chapter on "The Clippers of Money and Public Opinion," refers to the Thirty Years' War:

Those were first to complain who had to live on a fixed income, the parish priests most loudly, the schoolmasters and poor misanthropes most bitterly. Those who had formerly lived respectably on two hundred gulden, good Imperial coin, now only received two hundred light gulden, and if, as often undoubtedly happened, the salary of some were raised about a quarter in amount, they could not even with this addition defray half, nay even the fourth part, of the necessary expenses. Upon this unprecedented occasion the ecclesiastics referred to the Bible, and found there an indisputable objection to all hedge minting, and began to preach from their pulpits against light money. The schoolmasters starved in the villages as long as they could, then ran away and increased the train of vagabonds, beggars, and soldiers; the servants next became discontented. The wages, which averaged ten gulden a year, hardly sufficed to pay for their shoes. In every house there were quarrels between them and their masters and mistresses. Men and maid servants ran away, the men enlisted and the maids endeavoured to set up for themselves. Meanwhile the youths dispersed from the schools and universities, few persons among the citizens being

sufficiently well off to be able to support their sons entirely during the period of education. There were however a multitude of scholarships founded by benevolent people for poor students. The value of these now suddenly vanished, the credit of the poor scholars in foreign towns was soon exhausted, many found it impossible to maintain themselves; they sunk under poverty and the temptations of that bloody period. We may still read in the autobiographies of many respectable theologians what distress they then suffered. One supported life in Vienna by cutting daily his master's tallies for a fourpenny loaf; another was able to earn eighteen batz in the week by giving lessons, the whole of which he was obliged to spend on dry bread.

M. Freytag has given several descriptions of German Bath life, borrowed from old writers. The following is from the pen of a doctor of medicine, Pantaleon, a native of Basle, temp. 1580. The scene is Baden:

The free bath, called also burgher bath, is under the open heaven. It is so long and broad that above a hundred men can bathe therein at a time. It is bordered round about with stone pavement, and many seats are disposed therein. One corner, a fourth part of the bath, is closed in by a wooden lattice, arranged for the accommodation of the women. But as the women in general come there, some are wont to go to the larger bath. In this every one, stranger or native, may bathe gratis, and divert himself for as long or short a time as he likes. On Saturday, especially, the people from the city and country come in crowds, and husbands and wives desire to have their pastime, and to beautify themselves. But herein one is much surprised, that they in such wise misuse cupping; for every one will be cupped, and they think for the most part that they have not bathed if they have not had as many lancets stuck in them as the bristles of a hedgehog. And yet it would be far more useful to them to obtain a little additional blood.

Poor people come off to the baths of St. Verena, especially in May, some hundreds together. But they must first look about for an inn, that they may have some sort of home and not lie about in the streets, and there are three or four inns near the baths. The poor are daily maintained by the alms of pious people. They place their bowls in a circle on the wall round the bath, and remain sitting in the bath, and no one may point out his bowl. Then money, bread, wine, soup, meat, or other things are put in the bowls, and no one knows to whom they belong. Great boards are sometimes collected; the warder, who has his little house near the bath, distributes the gifts in due order, and exhorts the poor to pray and be thankful. After that each takes what is in his bowl and goes out. But as also there are often mixed up amongst the honest, many bad rogues and idlers who will not work, but take the bread out of the mouths of others who are in need, it would be useful, were each poor person who is desirous to obtain alms, to bring a certificate from his magistrate that he is in need of it, and that the alms will be well applied. Many bad rogues would then be ashamed. If the poor do aught that is contrary to order and discipline, they are punished by the warder, and placed in the lock-up that stands below, near the house called the Lock and Key. When their month's stay at the bath is ended, they receive a dismissal from the warder; may he desires them, according to the nature of their illness, to go away, to make room for others. They must attend to him also, under pain of severe punishment.

The "Stadthof" is a large cheerful inn, adorned with many beautiful rooms, saloons, and chambers. There are two large kitchens, one of which belongs to the landlord, who provides the guests with all kinds of meals, or with single dishes, according to every one's need. In the other, there is a special cook, for all those who buy their own food, and wish to have it cooked to their own fancy, for this is allowed to every one. In this house there is eight good baths, of which five are in common, the remaining three are let out to certain persons by the week for a fixed sum of money, with the chambers belonging thereto. The first is the gentlemen's bath, in which men, both noble and others, ecclesiastics and laymen, young and old, Catholic or Evangelical, come together without any disputes or quarrels, friendly and peaceably.

Mr. Buckle would probably have objected to some portions of this work as wanting in philosophical and statistical deduction. It is nevertheless, a very pleasant one, though the author occasionally appears to us to rely too much on the prejudices of individual authors, whose dicta can occasionally be contradicted by facts vouched for by writers on alien subjects—testimony which, of course, is very valuable.

We conclude our numerous quotations from M. Freytag's work with a paragraph which will serve to show the spirit in which it is written:

No nation develops its life independent of others. As the life of one individual works on that of another, so does it happen with nations. Each nation communicates some of its intellectuality to another. Even the practical forms of national existence, its State and its Church, are either advanced, or checked and destroyed by foreign powers. Close is the union of the minds of the nations of Europe, though manifold the contradiction of their interests. How constantly does one nationality derive strength, or experience trouble and disturbance from another. Sometimes the energetic development of some particular national characteristic exercises for centuries a preponderating influence on another. Thus once did the Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans. The German nation has experienced this foreign influence, both for good and for evil. From the ancient world came the holy faith of the Crucified One, to the wild sons of our forefather Tuisko: at the same time this warlike race received countless traditions from the Roman Empire, transforming their whole life. . . .

It is the task of science, to investigate the productive life of nations. To her the souls of nations are the highest fields of investigation that man is capable of knowing. Searching out every individuality, tracing every received impression, observing even the broken splinters, uniting all discernable knowledge, more guessing at truths and pointing out the way than apprehending them, she seeks, as her highest aim, to prove the intellectual unity of the whole human race upon earth. Whilst pious faith with undoubting certainty places before man the idea of a personal God, the man of science reverently seeks to discover the Divine, in the great conceptions, which however they may surpass the understanding of the individual, yet are all attached to the life of the world. But however little he may consider their importance, in comparison with that which is incomprehensible in time and eternity, yet in his limited circle lies all the greatness that we are capable of understanding, all the beautiful which we ever enjoy, and all the good which has ennobled our life. But in those spheres which we do not yet know, and are anxiously investigating, there remains a boundless work. And this work is to seek the development of the Divine power in history.

Taylor's System of Short-hand Writing. Edited by MATHIAS LEVY. (Trübner and Co. pp. 161.)—A useful appendix to Mr. Levy's excellent "History of Short-hand." This system was invented by Samuel Taylor, and first published in 1786. It is recommended by Mr. Levy as a system that may be learnt in a short time. The plates and examples are very clearly given, and will be of use to the pupil.

A Help to Memory on Learning Turkish. By HYDE CLARKE. (pp. 14.)—A very useful little manual either to those who are beginning to learn Turkish or to those whom sudden chance may lead into a visit to that country. It is a collection of familiar phrases, about two hundred in number, arranged on the Hamiltonian system. The beginner who has got these by heart may be held to have made a very respectable progress in Turkish. The phrases selected will enable a man to bargain and to make himself intelligible as to the mere necessities of intercourse. Of course, the interchange of intellectual ideas must be left to a more familiar and perfect knowledge of the language. In some cases, however, it appears to us that Mr. Clarke has encumbered his list with words which are not really Turkish, but which have been adopted by the Turks from people with whom they negotiate. Thus we find *Frank*, for "frances;" *Rom*, for "rum;" *Patates*, for "potatoes;" and *Kaleeko*, for "calico." Some of the pronunciations, might, we submit, have been more accurately given; as, for example, *seri* for the seraglio, would have been better spelt *serai*.

The July number of *Modern Metre* contains nothing much worse or much better than the following lines headed "For Ever:"

Where is to-day gone? Who shall say?
Where is the perfume the violets shed
On the sweet spring's breath that sunny May,
That shone like a moment, then pass'd away?
It scented a moment the wind that sped;
The flowers, the perfume, the year is dead;
In my brain they are woven and linked together,
But I know they are gone—ay, gone for ever.

Where are those hopes so tensely rapt
In the idol whose spell awake them?
The gossamer thread that the wind has snapp'd,
Go look for the thing it next has wrapp'd,
Promises, warm as the breath that spoke them,
Were chill'd by the cold of the heart that broke them:
There's a spot in my brain where they sleep together,
Those flowers and hopes which are gone for ever.

The editor gives a very formidable list of rejected contributions, the quality of which we find some difficulty in picturing to ourselves when we read some of the contributions which have been accepted. Nevertheless such a publication as *Modern Metre* may do good. If in its pages no "mute inglorious Milton" has as yet turned up, still these poetasters may find that vent for their vanity which would otherwise only be appeased by the publication of a useless and unremunerative volume.

The Pope and his Patron. By the Author of "Horace at Athens." (Longmans. pp. 49.)—The Author of "Horace at Athens" has favoured the world with another poetical composition of the broadly-comical dramatic school. The object of jocularity this time is the Pope, and the intention of the lucubration may be inferred from the *dramatis personæ*, which include the Pope, Cardinal Antonelli, the ex-King of Naples, Mr. Gallagher (an Irish gentleman of pronounced Catholic opinions), Mr. Disraeli, Lord Palmerston, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Pope's Chamberlain, &c. As a specimen of the peculiar humour, we may extract a few lines describing the Pope's interview with Mr. Gallagher. His Holiness is supposed to be in bed:

[A noise is heard in the passage.]
Enter CHAMBERLAIN.
CHAM. So please your Holiness, an Irish gent.
POPE. Oh, send him off at once.
CHAM. He won't be sent.
He says he comes through loyalty and love,
With a divine commission from above.
POPE. Well, show him in, and let us hear his story.
Enter GALLAGHER.
GALL. Heaven send your Holiness long life and glory!
And, father, first of all, I humbly beg,
From underneath the bedclothes thrust your leg.
Tins to your sacred toe me tips I'll glue
Without the intervention of a shoe.

[That operation having been successfully performed,
GALLAGHER proceeds.]

The City of the Great King. (F. Algar. 1862. pp. 90.)—"The City of the Great King" is a Scriptural poem, with a certain amount of negative merit; that is to say, it is a piece of fluent and tolerably careful writing, intended to be poetry, but dangerously bordering on prose. The following specimen of the author's muse is, we think, a fair average one:

Euphrates! mighty and mysterious stream;
Glory of Babylon, thy waters ran
Through her proud streets, and made her strength more strong.
How highly she exulted in thy waves,
That bare untailing harvest to her walls.
Long as thy fountains full were fed from heaven,
She deemed her dignity and joy secure.
Enthroned beside thy noble channel deep,
She feared not blighting sky, nor earthly harm.
"Shield of my strength, and feeder of my power,
(So spake the queen), "thy brimming course march on:
With thee I laugh defiance at my foes;
With thee I claim the best and dare the worst;
For he who smiteth me, must first smite thee."

The author continues the even tenor of his way through ninety closely-printed pages of such verses as we have just quoted.

A Handy Book on the Chemistry of Soils: Explanatory of their Composition, and the Influence of Manures in Ameliorating them, with Outlines of the various Processes of Agriculture and Analysis. By JOHN SCOFFERN, M.P. (Bell and Daldy. pp. 216.)—The title-page of this "Handy Book" explains its purpose as fully as it would be possible to do by the most lengthened description, and the well-known name of Mr. Scoffer is a guarantee of manner in which the task is executed. To the farmer and to the gardener it cannot but be of very great utility.

The Cricket Tutor. By the Author of "The Cricket Field." (Longmans. pp. 85.)—Lovers of the noble game of cricket will find much useful instruction in these pages; for good sound advice on many delicate points as to batting, overhand and underhand bowling, fielding, and so on, may be found in them.

Messrs. A. and C. Black have issued the sixth volume of their handsome reprint of De Quincey's works. This contains his essay on Richard Bentley, and other writings.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall have issued Part XVII. of *Orley Farm*. By Anthony Trollope; with illustrations by J. E. Millais. And Part VI.

of *Barrington*. By Charles Lever; illustrated by H. K. Browne.—Messrs. A. and C. Black, Part VII. of the new edition of *Kitto's Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*, and also *The Heart of Midlothian* as the seventh volume of the cheap reissue of the *Waverley Novels*.—No. XXVII. of the "Magnet Stories" is *An Adventure on the Black Mountain*. By Francis M. Wilbraham. (Groombridge and Sons.)

We have also received: *The Fleet of the Future in 1862; or, England without a Fleet*. By J. Scott Russell, Esq., F.R.S. Second Edition. (Longmans.)—*An Account of the Colony of South Australia*. Prepared for Distribution at the International Exhibition of 1862. By Frederick Sinnett. (Robert K. Burt.)—*Diamonds*. By William Pole, F.G.S. Extracted from *Macmillan's Magazine* for January 1861.—*Charles and Josiah; or, Friendly Conversations between a Churchman and a Quaker*. (Bell and Daldy.)

—No. X. of *One Hundred Lectures on the Ancient and Modern Dramatic Poets, the Heathen Mythology, Oratory, and Elocution*. By B. C. Jones. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—*Thoughts on Revelation*. By J. J. Jerram, M.A. (Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.)—*The Revelation of Jesus Christ by John*. Expounded by Francis Bodfield Hooper. 2 vols. (J. and F. Rivington and A. and C. Black.)—*Note on the Imperial State Crown and its Jewels*. By Professor J. Tennant, F.G.S. Printed for private circulation.—A pamphlet on *The Pressing Necessity for Increased Docks and Basins at Portsmouth*. With some Observations on Mr. Cobden's "Three Panics." A Letter to Lord Palmerston. By Rear-Admiral the Hon. Joseph Denman. (James Ridgway.)—*Report of the Moslem Mission Society for the Year of our Lord, 1862*. (Rivingtons.)—*The Proceedings of the Geologists' Association, 1862*.—*What are We Fighting for? A Letter to Horace Greeley*. (New York: Carleton.)—*Part XII. of Routledge's Illustrated Natural History*. The Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. (Routledge.)—*The City on the River: a Poem*. With a few Remarks on the Benefit and Utility of Detached Suburbs. (Mann, Nephews.)—*The Year of Delusion: a Review of "The Year of Grace"*. By the Rev. Isaac Nelson. (Belfast: Printed at the Advertiser's office.)

PERIODICALS AND MAGAZINES.

THE "CORNHILL MAGAZINE" for the present month opens with a lengthy instalment of a new novel, by the authoress of "Adam Bede." The scene is laid in Italy—a circumstance which we rather regret, seeing that readers of the *Cornhill* have already had quite a sufficient dose of quasi-Italian habits and customs from the prolific pen of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, in her tedious "Agnes of Sorrento." Authors in general when they get on the subject of Italy, seem to think they must indulge in high-flown prose; and even Miss Evans seems to think that the land of poetry must be described in "poeticals." It is of course too soon to pronounce any opinion on the merits of "Romola," but so far as the story goes at present, we cannot help saying that we must prefer the authoress's pictures of home life to anything we have as yet in the *Cornhill*. "Journalism" is a very feeble paper, and its indiscreet personality in one page shows clearly that Mr. Thackeray no longer presides over the destinies of the *Cornhill Magazine*. We need not refrain from quoting one of the offensive paragraphs, seeing that Mr. Edmund Yates has already protested in print against being so unfairly "shown up." He very truly says, that there is but one "Loungeur at the Clubs," and that every one knows who he is. He adds, querulously, that perhaps he is "as well educated, as well to do, goes into as good society, and lives in as good style as this anonymous Pharisee."

Special correspondents are the most successful and eminent members of a class which is called into existence by the newspapers, and which in its turn contributes largely to their support—journalists, pure and simple, men who have no other occupation or position in life than that which they derive from newspapers, and no other prospects than those which lie in their success. They often begin their connection with papers in a very humble capacity, generally as clerks or reporters, and from that position they work their way forwards to a better position without much other education than the newspaper itself supplies. Such men at times rise to considerable eminence. Indeed in one or two instances they have acquired permanent and high distinction; but when they stop on the road they fall into very objectionable habits, for it is to writers of this kind that the public are indebted for most of the nonsense which pours in a ceaseless stream from the press. This nonsense is for the most part conceived in a peculiar shape. It constantly suggests that the writer himself has long since learnt by awful experience what he would call the dread secret of existence, but that he is merciful as well as strong, and that for the sake of his fellow-creatures he will not reveal what he knows. Hence he diffuses a gentle spirit of humanity and religion over his writings. He is the sort of person who calls an honourable man a "true heart" or a "loyal gentleman," and describes Dr. Johnson as "grand old Samuel." In a lighter mood, which is equally familiar to him, he becomes the loungeur at the clubs, or the London correspondent who enlightens the readers of country newspapers as to the ways of the London world. In this character he is worth a moment's notice, for his performances suggest very curious inquiries as to the state of mind which they pre-suppose in his readers. What do they imagine, for example, "the clubs" really are, and to how many of those institutions is the loungeur supposed to belong? It would frequently be interesting to know not only what the readers' views upon these subjects might be, but also what were the views of the writer himself; and indeed these are more easily ascertained than the others.

The writer who hears it "rumoured in the clubs" that A. (he is far too familiar with every distinguished person to give any one of them the most modest handle to his name) is going to write a new novel, and that B. has paid him 10,000*l.* for the copyright, probably imagines that the buildings in Pall-mall, with the outside of which he is so well acquainted, form a sort of republic to which all the fortunate members have access, and where they argue high on all matters political and literary. He would be astonished if he could see what the inside of a club is really like, and if he knew how few rumours the real loungeurs there set in circulation. The real and the ideal loungeur form the strongest contrast. The ideal loungeur is always hearing that Gladstone did this, and that Lewis said that, and that if Palmerston (whom he perhaps calls our noble viscount) had not done something else, Grey might or might not have said something to Derby. Then "turning to literary matters," he hears that one eminent novelist has bought a new pair of boots, and that another has had his hair cut, and that the daughter of a third is going to have an offer of marriage from the son of a fourth. The real loungeur is quite a different sort of person. He is probably a middle-aged, and rather stupid man, of moderate means, who eats a mutton-chop at two, reads newspapers, and dawdles till seven, then

dines, and ponders and dozes over a book till bedtime, without hearing any rumours whatever. Sometimes the "lounger at the clubs" goes to the House of Commons as a "silent member," or a "voice from the gallery," or "whisper from the backstairs," and if so, his familiarity with all the affairs of the nation, and the people who manage them, is indeed wonderful to behold. He knows the exact reason for every part both of the words and of the silence of every member of the House, and calls them all not only by their names, but by their nicknames. In short, he acts on paper, though he probably does not know it, just the same part as the fellows in red coats and cocked hats at Epsom races, who are on familiar terms with every one on the course, especially if he is a nobleman. It must have been a gentleman of this class, hard up for a dinner, who tried the other day to get one out of the keepers of the refreshment-room at the Exhibition, by threatening the exhibitors with his vengeance unless they treated him.

The feebleness of the whole paper is perhaps as remarkable as its flippancy. What, for instance, is the meaning of such a sentence as the following: "For the subordinate duties in the management of a paper no great ability is required, and none is displayed. To look through and condense the accounts given by reporters of public meetings, exhibitions, ceremonies, and incidents of various kinds, is a very prosaic employment; the highest qualification which it requires is an acquaintance with the law of libel, one result of which, in its present state, is to make the proprietors of a paper exceedingly careful as to the reports which they publish." It may be concluded from this that the sub-editor of the *Times* has no more onerous post than his colleague of the *Edinburgh Gazette*. A paragraph which appeared in a contemporary calls forth the following not very dignified complaint:

Again, what shall we say of the revelations made about ourselves, our contributors, our prices, our circulation, and, latterly, our editor? Our surprise is that, with so many facilities for ascertaining such private matters (before betraying them), the "facts" should be so amazingly wide of probabilities. Gentlemen have been confidently named as editors who have never once been spoken with on the subject; and a gentleman at present abroad, who has been many years connected with the publishing establishment in Cornhill, but who is in no sense editor of this Magazine, has had applications and articles addressed to him. Our friends who persist in relying on newspaper gossip, and address their communications to an imaginary editor, will have themselves to blame if these never reach the hands of the real editor.

The proprietors of the *Cornhill* were, of course, perfectly justified in setting the public right as to the extent of the circulation of their magazine; but there, we think, the matter might have been allowed to end. M. Esquiro, we may add, contributes a pleasant gossiping sketch of "The Frenchman in London."

Mr. Max Müller, and other writers on the science of language, will doubtless be able to account for the phenomenon that in Staffordshire many people still keep up a custom popular among the Red Indians and savages in general, of naming people from the bodily characteristics:

SURNAMES.—Surnames are by no means fully established in some parts of England. In the colliery districts, particularly, hereditary designations seem to be the exception rather than the rule. A correspondent of *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* says, that clergymen in Staffordshire "have been known to send home a wedding party in despair, after a vain essay to gain from the bride and bridegroom a sound by way of name." Every man in these colliery fields, it seems, bears a personal sobriquet, descriptive of some peculiarity, but scarcely any person has a family name, either known to himself or others. A story is told of an attorney's clerk who was professionally employed to serve a process on one of these oddly-named persons, whose supposed real name was entered in the instrument with legal accuracy. The clerk, after a great deal of inquiry as to the whereabouts of the party, was about to abandon the search as hopeless, when a young woman, who had witnessed his labours, kindly volunteered to assist him. "Oy say, *Bullyed*," cried she to the first person they met, "does thee know a mon named Adam Green?" The bull-head was shaken in token of ignorance. They then came to another man. "*Loy-a-bed*, dost thee?" Lie-a-bed could not answer either. *Stumpy* (a man with a wooden leg), *Cowskin*, *Spindle-shanks*, *Cockeye*, and *Pigtail*, were successively consulted, but to no purpose. At length, however, having had conversation with several friends, the damsel's eyes suddenly brightened, and slapping one of her neighbours on the shoulder, she exclaimed: "Dash my wig! why he means my feyther!" Then turning to the astonished clerk, she cried: "You shoul'n ax'd for *Ode Blackbird*!" So it appeared that the old miner's name, though he was a man of substance, and had legal battles to fight, was not known even to his own daughter.

Mr. Dicey, in *Macmillan's Magazine* for the present month, speaks thus of the influence and future of the Western States of America:

We, in Europe, look upon the struggle as one between North and South, and can scarcely realise the fact that the West will in a few years be more powerful than the North and South put together, and is virtually the arbiter of the struggle between the two. Now, about one fact there is no doubt whatever, and that is that the West has thrown its whole power into the cause, not of the North, but of the Union. The development of the West requires two essential conditions—one, that it should have free access through the Lakes to the Atlantic; the other that it should hold the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. And the only way by which these conditions can be satisfied is by the whole country, between the lakes and the river, being held by one government, while the only Government which can so hold it, as a matter of fact, is the Union. It requires no great amount of thought or education to understand these conclusions; and the West is sufficiently educated, by the free school system, and the more important teaching of political self-government, to appreciate them fully. The West means to preserve the Union, and is as determined as the North, perhaps more so, though on different grounds. It is curious to note the difference of tone in the West and in the North about the war, as expressed both in the press and in conversation. Here there is much less of regard for the constitution as an abstraction, much less of sentimental talk about the Fathers of the country, or the wickedness of Secession. On the other hand, there is a greater regard for individual freedom of action, a greater impatience of any Government interference. The truth is, the enormous German element in the population produces a marked difference in the state of public feeling. To the German settlers, the fame of Washington inspires no particular reverence; the names of Franz Sigel, and Karl Schurtz, and Fremont, carry more weight than those of Jefferson and Hamilton and Madison! and the traditions of the war of Independence are not as vivid as those of '43 and the campaign of Schleswig-Holstein. They are attached to the Union because it has proved a good Government to them, or rather has allowed them the unwonted privilege of governing themselves. The German element, it is true, is absorbed with wonderful rapidity into the dominant American one; but still, in the process of absorption, it modifies the absorbent.

A visit to Marston Moor, May 1862, by Herman Merivale, will be found of no little interest by the historical student.

Bentley's Magazine contains two contributions well worthy of note: the former, "The Unpublished Ingoldsby Legend;" the latter, "The Impressions of a French Juror." The "legend" is introduced by the following letter from the Rev. R. H. Dalton Barham, the son of the humorous "Ingoldsby":

DEAR SIR,—Some weeks ago you may have seen advertised—and it must have caused you some little surprise—a proposed reading of an "Unpublished Ingoldsby Legend." No one could have been more astonished by such an announcement than myself. Nothing of the sort was in existence! On inquiry, it turned out that the poem in question was indeed genuine, having been written by my father during his last illness, and having for its subject his own personal condition at that time, but that it was obviously no "Legend;" and I should state that the lecturer apologised for the misnomer, for which, however, he was not himself responsible. In point of fact, "The Bulletin" was but a slight *pièce de circonstance*, struck off during one of those gleams of cheerfulness which bodily pain could not entirely extinguish, partly for the purpose of relieving the anxiety of a very dear friend of the author's, partly, I suspect, because with him, as with the Satirist, the difficulty was—not to write!

For my own part, although time may be thought to have removed all objections to the appearance of this sketch, I should, even now, have hesitated to make it public but that the matter has been in some measure taken out of my hands by the transaction referred to. As it is, I cannot but feel that of all classes of readers that which comprises the "following" of *Bentley's Miscellany* has certainly the first claim to be presented with anything that fell from the pen of Thomas Ingoldsby.—I am, dear Sir, sincerely yours,
Lolworth Rectory, June 16, 1862. R. H. DALTON BARHAM.

Then follows the poem:

9, Dowry-square, Hot Wells, May 29, 1845.
THE BULLETIN.

Hark!—the doctors come again,
Knock—and enter doctor's twain—
Dr. Keeler, Dr. Blane.

"Well, sir, how
Go matters now?
Please your tongue put out again!"
Meanwhile, 't'other the bed,
Is a feeler
Of my wrist, and shakes his head.
"Rather low, we're rather low!"
(Deuce is in't, an' 'twere not so!
Arrowroot and toast-and-water,
Being all my nursing daughter,
By their order, now allows me;
If I hint at more she rows me,
Or at best will let me soak a
Crust of bread in Tapioca.)

"Cool and moist though, let me see
Seventy-two or seventy-three,
Seventy-four, perhaps, or so,
Rather low, we're rather low!"
Now, what sort of night, sir, eh?
Did you take the mixture, pray?
Iodine and anodyne,
Ipecacuanha wine,
And the draught and pills at nine?"

PATIENT (logically).
"Coughing, doctor, coughing, sneezing,
Wheezing, teasing, most unpleasant,
Till at length, I, by degrees, in-
duced "Tired nature's sweet restorer,
Sleep, to cast her mantle o'er her
Poor unfortunate adorer.
And became at last a snorer.
Iodine and anodyne,
Ipecacuanha wine,
Nor the draughts did I decline;
But those horrid pills at nine,
Those I did not try to swallow,
Doctor, they'd have beat me hollow.
I as soon
Could gulp the moon,
Or the great Nassau balloon,
Or a ball for horse or hound, or
Bullet for an eighteen-pounder."

DOCTOR K.
"Well, sir—well, sir—we'll arrange it,
If you can't take pills, we'll change it;
Take, we'll say,
A powder grey,
All the same to us which way;
Each will do;
But, sir, you
Must perspire whatever you do,
(Sudorific comes from *sudo*.)
Very odd, sir, how our wills,
Interfere with taking pills!
I've a patient, sir, a lady
Whom I have told you of already,
She'll take potions,
She'll take lotions,
She'll take drugs and draughts by oceans;

She'll take rhubarb, senna, rue;
She'll take powders grey and blue,
Tinctures, mixtures, liniments, squills,
But, sir, she will *not* take pills!
Now the throat, sir, how's the throat?"

PATIENT.
"Why, I can't produce a note!
I can't sound one word, I think, whole,
But they gobble,
And they gobble,
Just like soapbuds down a sink-hole,
Or I whisper like the breeze,
Softly sighing the trees!"

DOCTOR.
"Well, sir—well, sir—never mind, sir,
We'll put you all to rights you'll find, sir,
Make no speeches,
Get some leeches;
You'll find twenty
Will be plenty.
Clap them on, and let them lie
On the *pomum Adams*;
Let them well the trachea drain,
And your larynx,
And your pharynx.

Please, put out your tongue again!
Now the blister!
Ay, the blister!
Let your son, or else his sister,
Warm it well, then clap it here, sir,
All across from ear to ear, sir;
That suffices,
When it rises,
Snip it, sir, and then your throat on
Rub a little oil of Croton;
Never mind a little pain!
Please put out your tongue again!
"Now, sir, I must down your maw stick
This small sponge of lunar caustic,
Never mind, sir,
You'll not find, sir,
I, the sponge shall leave behind, sir,
Or my probang make you sick, sir,
I shall draw it back so quick, sir;—
This call my prime elixir!
How, sir, choking?
Pooh! you're joking—
Bless me! this is quite provoking!
What can make you, sir, so wheezy?
Stay, sir—gently!—take it easy!
There, sir, that will do to-day.
Sir, I think that we may say
We are better, doctor, eh?
Don't you think so, Doctor Blane?
Please put out your tongue again!
Iodine and anodyne,
Ipecacuanha wine,
And since you the pills decline,
Draught and powder grey at nine,
There, sir! there, sir! now good day,
I've a lady cross the way,
I must see without delay.

[Exeunt Doctors.

Certainly the most remarkable feature about this poem is in its authorship; yet that alone suffices to make it interesting. "The Impressions of a French Juror," if genuine, contains a more flattering appreciation of England and the English than anything we have yet met with from a foreign pen.

The *St. James's Magazine* contains an amusing article on "German Gambling Houses" from the pen of Mr. Lascelles Wrexall. As the end of these infamous places is probably not very far off—the Bank at Baden, for instance, is to be immediately abolished—Mr. Wrexall's experiences are of considerable interest. *Roulette*, it appears, is the game which mainly supports the gambling tables. The odds are so greatly in favour of the bank, that very few of the players win, and the fact that a small stake on a number brings a very high gain attracts petty gamblers. Garcia, of course, and the more knowing players, altogether eschew *roulette*, preferring *rouge et noir*, at which game there is, at all events, the possibility of winning. The following statistics bear testimony to the abundance of the "flats" who contribute to the support of the German gambling establishments:

Each Bank has two inspectors for the *trente et quarante* tables, whose pay varies between 6 and 10,000 francs for the season, and two for the *roulette* table, who are paid less. The croupiers receive from 800 down to 300 francs per month. As four are always engaged at each table simultaneously, and have to relieve each others—since the gambling lasts uninterruptedly for twelve or thirteen hours, the number of these accomplices may be estimated at about thirty. The companies also support their own bands, true military bands from the Mainz and Rastadt; are obliged to keep a large establishment of servants, and light the large rooms most brilliantly with oil lamps—gas is not employed, for the bank might be robbed by its sudden extinction, either accidental or purposely arranged. When we reckon up their expenses, and at the same time calculate what the advertisements and posters must cost, we may assume that the statement of the Bank employes, that the daily expenses amount to ninety pounds, is rather too low than too high; hence Hombourg must win 30,000*l.*, Wiesbaden and Ems about 12,000*l.*, before the shares produce a farthing of profit. The two latter establishments, under the new organisation in 1857, it is acknowledged by their own report, won 47,250*l.*; hence, including the expenses, they must have netted, in nine months, at least 60,000*l.*; and when we compare the dividends which they and Hombourg annually pay to the shareholders, each share brings in an average income of twenty-four per cent.—one year less, the next more.

The subjoined sketch of M. Garcia is not a very attractive one:

I was on the point of trying my luck, when suddenly there was excitement in the room, and many persons rushed to a *trente et quarante* table. I heard on all sides the words, "*Voici Garcia!*" and I hurried to have a good look at the great man. I had expected to find something interesting in the appearance of the lucky gambler, for wild passions generally impart a peculiar character to the face; but M. Garcia was exactly like the other gamblers. He was dressed like a *parvenu*; he wore an embroidered shirt, and wherever diamonds could be carried he had them—on his fingers, his watch-chain, and as studs—I even noticed a small diamond cross on his coat, which I at first supposed to be an order, but afterwards discovered to be merely ornamental. He was followed by as large a suite as the Belgian gamblers had been, and regularly staked 12,000 francs. He retained his calmness so long as he was gaining, but when towards the end he lost his winnings, he became very violent, and coarse; he jumped up, pushed back his chair furiously among the spectators, and ran off.

Wiesbaden and Hombourg are less dangerous to visitors than Baden, inasmuch as the elegance and decorum of the latter are more seductive than the coarseness and ill-manners which prevail at the gambling-house of the former. At Baden:

You see no liveried or impudent-looking footmen, who accost every new comer, and appear to be reckoning up his pecuniary means, but respectable black-coated attendants who move about quietly and decently, and treat every stranger with marked politeness. And then the company! all elegantly dressed people, dancers, dancing-masters, curious travellers, fops, old and young witches—in a word all that the heart can desire. What taste in the toilette! What grace in the movements! What decency in behaviour! and at the gambling-table, what nobility in losing money! You hear no quarrelling. You see no professional gamblers. You only hear aristocratic names mentioned, and their bearers are real Viscounts, Counts, and Princes. The ladies of the *demi monde* are the choicest specimens of their kind: a number of private carriages drive up to the Curhaus, from which descend potentates, nearly all of whom have private palaces at Baden. The Strangers' list displays celebrities of every description: from the diplomatic sphere, from the Russian and French Senate; from the Prussian House of Lords and the Austrian Imperial Council; from the French and German artistic and literary world—poets, musicians, painters, journalists, actors and actresses, promenade in front of the Conversation House; and we might fairly assume that the proprietor of this splendid establishment only kept it up to receive the *beau monde* in his house, and had merely put up gambling tables to satisfy the wishes of those great gentlemen who wish to enjoy this pleasure too.

The *Saturday Review* has from time to time attacked Mr. Hingeston, of Exeter College, Oxford, with considerable bitterness, for the mode in which that gentleman has edited some of the publications of the Record Office. The writer of "Historical Records and Record Commissions" in *Fraser's Magazine* (whose name may readily be guessed at) shows that another editor, Mr. Luard, of Trinity College, Cambridge (whom the *Saturday* has warmly bepraised), is little more competent than his Oxford collaborateur:

Mr. Luard has mis-translated the simplest phraseology, and these mistranslations occur almost on every page. We have only to open at random to find an example, and here is one from near the beginning of the poem, where (l. 42) we read—

N'en vult un ne cuple faire,
Si l'estoire ne use essamplaire;

which the editor, forgetting his own axiom that much of the difficulty in reading this old Norman arises from not paying attention to the forms of the verbs, translates—

I would not ever make one couplet,
If the history had not a copy;

which certainly is not very intelligible. But he should have known that *asse* is the first, and not the third person of the verb, and have translated it—

I would not make a couplet about it,
If I had not the history as an authority.

Perhaps there is no phrase in this language of more simple construction or more common occurrence than *i ad* (there is), and *i out* (there was); in fact, the Frenchman of the present day uses it constantly in the forms *il y a* and *il y avait*; yet Mr. Luard continually mistranslates it. Thus (l. 687),

Niad meilleur de ci ca Rumme,

where *n'i* should be printed for *ni*, and *c'a* for *ca*, is translated "He has not a better from here to Rome," instead of "there is not a better." Again (l. 1211),

Asez i out chivalerie,

in which the verb is undoubtedly in the singular, is translated, "Enough of chivalry had they there," instead of "There was enough of chivalry." And (l. 1219)

Mut i out de riches duns,

translated "Many rich gifts had she there," instead of "There were many rich gifts." Miscellaneous errors like the following are of perpetual occurrence. When (l. 635) St. Peter, appearing in a vision, is described as

Un veillard a cler semblant;

that is, "An old man with a bright countenance;" Mr. Luard translated it, "An old man like a clerk." On another occasion (l. 826) a messenger comes—

Ki par lettre enclose en cire,
E enseignes k'il bien sount dire;
L'en fait tut de si seur,

which is here translated,

Who by a letter closed by wax,
And marks which he well knows what they mean,
Makes him all confidently sure.

It should be translated,

Who by letter inclosed in wax,
And by signs which he knew well to say,
Makes him quite sure of the faith (or trustworthiness) of it.

In those times it was not sufficient for the credence of a messenger to give him a letter, but he usually carried also some private sign or token to the person to whom he was accredited. Mr. Luard has here translated a verb in the imperfect tense, *sout*, as though it were in the present tense. In another place (l. 181) he has turned the same word into an adjective. The poet tells us that the Danish chieftain, Swonus, was "cruel, and knew much of war:"

Cruens, e mut sout de guere;

which Mr. Luard translates, "Cruel, and well skilled in war," and in his glossary he sets down the word *sout* as representing the Latin *scitus*. Again (l. 1917), the writer of the poem says,

Par un cunte le voil prover,
Ki ne fait pas a ublier;

which Mr. Luard translates,

By a history I will prove it,
Which prevents one from forgetting.

He has again misunderstood a well-known phrase; it should be translated,

I will prove it by a story (or anecdote),
Which ought not to be forgotten.

In the description of King Edward's Church at Westminster, we find several of these mistranslations. The writer tells us (l. 2290) that the king

Atant ad fundé sa izlise
De grantz quareus de pere bise,
A fundement le e parfund;

whence Mr. Luard translates,

Now he laid the foundations of the church,
With large square blocks of grey stone:
Its foundations are deep.

Totally overlook the word *le* in the last line, which should properly be printed *le*, and represents the Latin *latum*. The lines should be translated literally:

At length he has founded his church
Of great squared blocks of grey stone,
With a foundation broad and deep.

But the most serious misunderstanding occurs a few lines further on, in the account of the monastic buildings, where we are told in the Anglo-Norman, as here printed, that there were

Refaltur e le dortur,
E les officines en tur;

which lines are translated

Refectory and dormitory,
And the offices in the tower.

En tur should be printed *entur*, and signifies merely, round about. The lines should be translated,

Refectory and the dormitory,
And the offices round them.

When we assure our readers that these examples are taken simply as they offered themselves to our view in opening the leaves of the book, they will readily agree with us that this is not such a translation as should appear under the authority of Government.

The *Westminster Review* for July is, we regret to be obliged to say, incorrigibly dull; the subjects treated of are, with few exceptions, ill chosen; the style of writing heavy; and the arguments confused. The paper on "Election Expenses" is however a vigorous protest against the system of periodically inflicting heavy fines upon members of Parliament; a system which can hardly be sport even to the very rich, and which has already doomed to death the Parliamentary prospects of many men capable of doing good service to their country. "Contemporary Literature" in the *Westminster* is, we feel bound to add, very fully and very carefully done.

The *Rambler* has altered its name into the *Home and Foreign Review*, the first number of which we have before us. There ought to be, and we hope there is, room among us for a Roman Catholic Review, conducted in a fair and unsectarian spirit. The motto of the *Home Review* is excellent: "Seu vetus est verum diligo sive novum," and the articles, with but one or two exceptions, do not contradict the spirit of the motto. "Nationality," with which the *Review* opens, is a careful and comprehensive essay, which occasionally rises almost to eloquence. We think the *Home Review* correctly meets the doctrine that revolution is more frequent in Roman Catholic than in Protestant countries:

Revolution is in fact more frequent in the Latin than in the Teutonic world, because it depends partly on a national impulse which is only awakened where there is an alien element, the vestige of a foreign domination, to expel. Western Europe has undergone two conquests—one by the Romans, and one by the Germans, and twice received laws from the invaders. Each time it rose again against the victorious race; and the two great reactions, while they differ according to the different characters of the two conquests, have the phenomenon of imperialism in common. The Roman republic laboured to crush the subjugated nations into a homogeneous and obedient mass; but the increase which the proconsular authority obtained in the process subverted the republican government, and the reaction of the provinces against Rome assisted in establishing the empire. The Cæsarean system gave an unprecedented freedom to the dependencies, and raised them to a civil equality which put an end to the dominion of race over race and of class over class. The monarchy was hailed as a refuge from the pride and cupidity of the Roman people; and the love of equality, the hatred of nobility, and the tolerance of despotism, implanted by Rome, became, at least in Gaul, the chief feature of the national character. But among the nations whose vitality had been broken down by the stern republic, not one retained the materials necessary to enjoy independence, or to develop a new history.

The *London Review* contains a somewhat late notice of Vols. V. and VI. of Froude's History of England; an amusing paper on "The Mormons at Home," though not very original, as it is compiled almost entirely from works of M. Jules Remy and Captain Burton.

We have also received: *The Assurance Magazine* and *Journal of the Institute of Actuaries*.—*The Practical Mechanic's Journal*.—*The National Magazine*.—*The Family Friend*.—*The Sispenny Magazine*.—*The North of England Magazine*.—*The Life Boat*.—*Kingston's Magazine for Boys*.—*The Ladies' Companion*.—*The Gardener's Weekly Magazine*.—*Duffy's Hibernian Sispenny Magazine*.—*The Technologist*.

THE DRAMA, MUSIC, ART, SCIENCE, &c.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

THERE HAVE BEEN BUT FEW DRAMATIC NOVELTIES during the fortnight. Messrs. W. Brough and Halliday have produced at the Lyceum an amusing little trifle, called the "Colleen Bawn Settled at Last." It is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the sentiment of Mr. Boucicault's piece; showing, in a humorous form, the probable result of such a *mésalliance* as that between *Edy O'Connor* and *Hardress Cregan*. The great scene of the farce is one in which the *Colleen Bawn*, tired of her genteel life, is having a jollification with *Myles na Coppaleen*, *Father Tom*, and *Sheelah*. This is perfectly legitimate humour, and is both well worked out by the authors, and exceedingly well played by the artists. The dénouement of the piece consists in the reconciliation of *Hardress* to his own lot, arising from the discovery that *Ann Chute* leads poor *Kyrie Daly* a miserable life of it, and that *Edy* is, after all, the daughter of *Lord Dundreary*. The part of *Edy* is exceedingly well sustained by Miss Lydia Thompson, and Mr. Charles Selby makes a most successful appearance as *Lord Dundreary*.

Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth" has been revived at the Princess's Theatre, for Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, and has been produced with excellent effect and marked success.

A rumour that Miss Marie Wilton and Mr. James Rogers were about to open the Royalty Theatre in partnership has been denied.

Mr. Benjamin Webster has reappeared on the stage of his own theatre in the favourite drama of "The Dead Heart," and has been warmly welcomed. Mr. Webster, it is rumoured, will shortly also open the Princess's on his own account.

The annual fête and Fancy Fair of the Dramatic College is fixed to take place at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, on Saturday next, the 19th, and Monday, the 21st. An attractive programme has been issued, and most of the leading comedians, male and female, will play favourite parts on the occasion, whether as showmen or saleswomen.

Mr. Robson is now restored to health, and is once more playing at the Olympic in Mr. John Oxenford's favourite drama, "The Porter's Knot."

The following memorial has been addressed to the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, by the professors, members, associates, and honorary members of the Royal Academy of Music:

That the Royal Academy of Music was founded in the month of July 1820, by the late Right Honourable the Earl of Westmoreland, with the co-operation of many distinguished noblemen and gentlemen, with the assistance of the most eminent musicians of the time, and with the approval of his Majesty King George IV.

That the object of the founders was to establish in this country a school for the training of professional musicians, similar in its effect to those conservatories on the Continent which have nursed the talents of many of the artists whose names are most famous in the annals of modern music. The world-wide renown of the creative and executive musicians of this kingdom of the previous two and a half centuries, such as Tallis, Byrd, Morley, Dowland, Wilbye, Orlando Gibbons, John Bull, Henry Lawes, Purcell, Croft, Arne, Shield, Storace, Attwood, Bishop, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Arne, Mrs. Billington, Incledon, Braham, Crossdill, Lindley, and many others, sanctioned the belief that musical capacity was indigenous here; and the excellent results of the operations of the Royal Academy for the cultivation of a sister art proved that natural capacity might be developed into the highest talent by judicious education. Thus, the object of the Royal Academy of Music was justified to those whose national and artistic spirit prompted them to labour for its establishment.

That having collected donations to the amount of from 7000*l.* to 8000*l.* in furtherance of their aim, the founders opened the Academy at the beginning of the year 1823, since which date 1240 pupils have been admitted into the institution, 110 of whom have been educated gratuitously, and 367 on terms below the regulated payment.

That it was the original design of the founders that the education should be, as it is in the institutions for the same purpose on the Continent, gratuitous to natives of the country; and the first pupils were received on these free conditions. The precarious nature of private subscription early proved the impracticability of pursuing this design, and it became necessary, therefore, to exact an annual payment from the pupils, at first of thirty guineas, and for the last eight years, of thirty-three guineas.

That the sum of 2250*l.* was allotted to the Academy from the profits of the Westminster Festival, in 1834, and this was added to the amount invested in the public funds from the original donations. Many of the original donors became annual subscribers to the Institution, and new subscribers have, from time to time, added their names to the list; but the number of these latter has by no means equalled that of those who, from death or other causes, have ceased to be supporters of the Academy. Thus, though some promoters of art, including the reigning sovereign, have always assisted this Institution, the amount of such assistance is now reduced to 206*l.* per annum.

That the yearly expenses of the Academy average 3000*l.*, and these exceed the receipts (drawn from students' payments, annual subscriptions, and interest on stock) by an average of 500*l.*; thus, the accumulated capital of the Academy has been gradually decreased to its present total of 4200*l.*, which will be further lessened by the deduction of 1000*l.* to defray the standing liabilities of the Institution. An easy calculation would prove from the above that the term of the Academy's existence is almost definitely limited, and your memorialists beg of you to consider whether this Institution ought in a few years to be closed for the want of funds.

That in urging upon your notice the pretensions of the Academy, your memorialists must beg you not to deem it self-sufficient that they state the following significant facts in the history of the institution. At present, and for several years, many of the chief public positions in the musical profession are, and have been, honourably filled by disciples of the Academy; and your memorialists confidently refer, for confirmation of this statement, to the general opinion of the country in respect to composers, solo performers, orchestral performers, and vocalists. Such a manifest truth, coming conspicuously as it does within the reach of universal observation, is of less valuable consequence in the spreading of a pure knowledge of art and the extending of its refining influence, than is the effect the Academy produces, through the labours of its former pupils who

are now active as teachers in all parts of the country. These, having received a more general, more artistic, and more thorough education than could have been obtained in England prior to the foundation of the Academy, have raised the standard of musical instruction, not only by their own conscientious practice, but by the necessity to reach their level which this practice has forced upon other musicians. You will pardon your memorialists for averring, also, that though external opinions have, unfortunately, sometimes been adverse to the Academy and its workings, at moments when this has been loudest in its expression, some of the best fruits of the institution have been ripening within its walls.

That your memorialists, all musicians, have, some of them, been educated in the Academy, which they regard with such affection as they would a native home or a foster mother; whereas the others have studied their art elsewhere in England, or on the Continent, and so have not the same ties to link them to the institution and its interests; and you may therefore receive this memorial as representing the unprejudiced, but not inexperienced, views of persons sincerely desirous for the general welfare of music.

That the Academy is not now to be considered as an experiment; the forty years' experience of its operations, through all its vicissitudes of fortune and of management, is a sufficient test of its capabilities. These capabilities are restricted by the extent of its funds, and qualified by the necessary means of acquiring these funds. It is not always the most gifted individuals who have the best pecuniary resources, and it is therefore deeply to be regretted that the present large rate of annual payment should be required from the pupils. While, therefore, the grant by Government of a building for the carrying on of the operations of the establishment (a support enjoyed by all the scientific and artistic bodies in the metropolis) would greatly relieve the Academy of its apprehensions, the concession of yet more liberal assistance would give the power of diminishing the charges to students and increasing the number of free scholarships, and thus vastly enhance the benefits of the institution.

That the good effect upon the million of the introduction of practical music into the course of national education must afford her Majesty's Government perfect satisfaction with this important measure. As the public power of comprehending an art increases, to elevate the character of those whose duty is both to form the public taste and gratify it becomes more and more indispensable. Music has made prodigious progress in England during the last forty years, and it now holds prominent importance in the intellectual development of the country; coincident with this course of advancement have been the workings of the Royal Academy of Music, and the national advantages that might issue from such an institution would increase with the natural capacity to benefit by them. The revived importance of Church music is a significant feature of this progress; and another is the improvement in the music of the army; in both of which departments it would surely be of value to the authorities that have the granting of appointments, could they refer to certificates as to the competency of candidates for such appointments from an institution like the Academy, which was dignified by the countenance of her Majesty's Government. In the consideration of the desirability and the capabilities of the Academy, the immense importance of music as furnishing occupation to the industrial classes must be taken into account, many thousands of the population being at present engaged in the future of musical instruments, the engraving and printing of music, &c., and the extent of employment of this nature increases with the increase of the knowledge of the art throughout the country.

Your memorialists most respectfully and earnestly hope, therefore, that, with the liberal views which characterise the age, you will perceive rationality in the above propositions, and that you may deem it expedient to give your consideration to the subject on which they had ventured to trouble you. They trust that the day is not distant when music may stand upon the same footing in England in which it holds in those countries where the Government wholly maintains a school for the training of its professors; and believing that a tried institution will give better security to such a footing than it could derive from any new undertaking, your memorialists further trust that you will feel justified in recommending to her Majesty's Government to assist in the permanent maintenance and support of so highly valuable a national institution as the Royal Academy of Music.

NEW MUSIC.

May-bloom Valses. Composed for the Pianoforte by E. V. HALL-COCKS and Co.—The somewhat chromatic introductory movement serves admirably to show off the more pleasing and rhythmical strains that follow. Throughout, the composer has kept in view the digital capabilities of juvenile as well as advanced players. An illuminated title-page will please those fond of pretty and appropriate pictures.

Twos Evening in the Summer Time. Words by JOHN W. KING. Music by W. HUTCHINSON, Esq. (Cheltenham: Edward Hale and Co.)—An idyl, having a village beauty for its leading theme. The melody, suitable for a tenor voice, is essentially vocal, and the accompaniments, barring here and there a naked chord, offer little room for adverse criticism.

Unfading Beauty: Song. Written by CAREW, 1630. Composed by Mrs. MEDHURST. (Lamborn Cock, Hutchings, and Co.)—A good old song treated in a manner beseeching it; the accompaniments, though restless, subserve to float the melody. Key E flat. Suitable either for tenor or soprano. In the next edition we would recommend the punching out of two "divines," and putting in place thereof a pair of "eyes," at page 5.

There is Dew for the Flow'et: Song. Written by THOMAS HOOD. Composed by Mrs. MEDHURST. (Lamborn Cock, Hutchings, and Co.)—In the absence of extraordinary merit, simplicity must be its recommendation. Compass, tenor C to E in the fourth space. Mr. Hood's words are excellent.

Vale of Tempe: Rondo for the Pianoforte. By ALICE MARY SMITH. (Lamborn Cock, Hutchings, and Co.)—The authoress herein exhibits considerable fancy; her descriptive faculties have also been brought to bear upon the subject chosen with a tolerable amount of success. The "Vale of Tempe," according to the poetical description of Aelian, is threaded by many charming passages. So is this rondo.

The Last Footfall: Song. Composed by ALICE MARY SMITH. (Lamborn Cock, Hutchings, and Co.)—From page 1 we learn that the author's words first appeared in *Chambers's Journal*. The melody united to them,

though not remarkable for any striking traits of originality, will doubtless find admirers. Set in F and bounded by the tenor C and its octave.

Oh! wake those tones no more on me: Ballad. By W. HUTCHINSON, Esq. (Cheltenham: Edward Hale and Co.)—A song of remembrance, slightly tinged with melancholy. The poet, whoever he may be, has wisely compressed his effusion into two short stanzas. For an amateur—as we apprehend W. Hutchinson, "Esq.," is—this musical composition is noteworthy.

We welcome thee back to thy native shore. Music and words by E. C. CROGER. (Croger.)—From the title-page we are to understand that this wondrous production is appointed to be "sung at all public and private rejoicings." The poetry, albeit, is contemptible, and the music scarcely less so. In the first page troops of false relations are introduced enough to deter any hero from setting foot on British soil, if such be a specimen of native harmonies.

ART AND ARTISTS.

THE experiments in mosaic decoration have been advanced another stage by the placing of the cartoons in colour, made by Mr. Cope and Mr. Hook, in the arcades of the International building. These cartoons have already been seen, one inside the Exhibition and the other (Mr. Cope's) on the wall of the new court in the South Kensington Exhibition. It was impossible, however, to judge of the effect the real work in mosaic would have when exposed to the broad light of day, and framed in, as it were, with brickwork. Now, this can be fairly estimated, though it is still difficult to say how these pictures would harmonise with the general style, if we may venture so to speak of the Fowkian *mélange*. One thing is clear, the mouldings will have to be immensely enriched both in form and colour to render the architectural features of the façade in Cromwell-road powerful enough to stand well with the mosaics. If the walls of the permanent building are to be left in stone colour and with plain mouldings the pictures will only make the place more toy-like, gaudy, and insignificant than it is.

As to the two cartoons, they appear to be designed upon very opposite views of the subject of pictorial decoration. Mr. Cope paints two gigantic figures to represent sheepshearing, with a sort of allusion to the country only, in a piece of rock and branch of tree at the side. The one man with bare legs is carrying a sheep from the washing pool, while the other, an older man, is leaning over a sheep already half shorn. Mr. Hook designs two fishermen, which appear to be about the size of life by the side of Mr. Cope's figures, but are probably larger. Then the colouring of the two is entirely different. Mr. Cope would have the mosaic in brown, with the lights in white; while Mr. Hook would show the subject in the true colours of nature, except that in both cases the artists make the sky almost wholly one flat tint of blue. Mr. Cope, indeed, designs it quite of the same tint all over, without gradation. To our taste, the natural colours of the subject are the most effective; the other plan has a very cold and paltry expression beside it, and, we suspect, would never find favour with the matter of fact public.

On the whole, so much will depend upon what the permanent building is to be as to its ornamental additions, that very little certainly can be attached to the effect of the cartoons as they are now seen. Indeed, much as we are disposed to sympathise with revivals of all that is good in the old ornamentists' work, it must be remembered that they designed for a different climate, and, still more, that the buildings for which their mosaics were adapted were generally most elaborate in architectural form, and were surrounded with buildings of similar character.

At the special exhibition of works of art at South Kensington several very important additions have been made since the opening. Amongst them is the celebrated steel chair which belongs to Viscount Folkestone. This is certainly the finest example of German metal-work in the country, and is well known to all connoisseurs. It has, however, rarely been exhibited, and we can hardly say too much in praise of the exquisite workmanship to induce all who admire this kind of art to go and see it. The chair was presented in 1577 to the Emperor Rudolphus II., of Germany, whose portrait-bust it bears on the back, by the city of Augsburg, and it is the work and design of T. Rukers. In the centre of the front of the chair is a large oval chasing representing the dream of Nebuchadnezzar, and across the back is a very beautiful chasing of an ancient procession, with horse and foot soldiers. There are many small medallions upon the various parts of the chair, and statuettes stand upon the top of the back and upon the feet. The seat is formed by bands of webbing richly embroidered.

In the same case with this chair is a superb toilet mirror of the old fashion, in which the bright plate is hidden by an ornamental door or slide. It is of iron, and entirely covered with the richest gold inlay, besides being beautifully chased and ornamented with columns and figures.

The College of St. Mary at Oscott have lent a large, though not very tasteful, lecturn made of iron, with a large eagle to support the book, and statuettes of saints.

But the most important, perhaps, of the objects lately added, are the seven cases of ivories, lent by Mr. John Webb, the well known dealer in works of art. These form a complete series, illustrating the subject of sculpture in ivory, from the time of the consular dyptychs, of which there are several of the second, third, and fourth centuries to the Anglo-Saxon, and those of the French and Flemish artists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

At the close of the Exhibition, it was announced that the courts will be filled with a collection of modern works of art manufacture, purchased from the Great International Exhibition of London, 1851, Paris 1855, and the present Exhibition.

Mr. Holman Hunt's "Scapegoat," which, when exhibited in 1856, excited so much attention, is a work of the school that is certain to find many enthusiastic admirers, some for its symbolism, some for its real

beauties. And the same painter's extraordinary drawing of the Sphinx must be pronounced a miracle of its kind.

The Turners, though good examples of his colouring, are not great as works of his peculiar genius for landscape; they are both circular pictures, exhibited at the Academy in 1841—"The Dawn of Christianity" and "Glaucus and Scylla." There are several small drawings by Stothard, and three beautiful Italian studies of female heads by Mr. Leighton, with some minutely-painted pictures by Mr. Madox Brown and Mr. A. Hughes.

Mr. Godfrey Windus' collection of pictures, long celebrated for its Turners and for many examples of the new school which originated with the pre-Raphaelites, is to be sold by Messrs. Christie and Manson, Saturday next. The pictures are now to be seen previously to the sale, and they form really a most interesting collection. The picture by Mr. Millais, which got the nickname of "The Kick"—the subject being from Keat's "Isabella," and the scene where the brother of Lorenzo, sitting at meal with the family, spitefully kicks his favourite hound, which she is patting—will probably be the great object of contention. It is certainly a very remarkable work, and in its day, now thirteen years ago, was a work of high promise that has never, as we think, been fulfilled. There is the "Mariana," also a work of great merit, painted in 1851, and the "Ophelia," which followed it at the Academy.

M. Leon Gallait—whose name must have become familiar to everyone who knows the pictures in the International, as the painter of "The Last Moments of Count Egmont" and the larger picture of the Counts Egmont and Horn lying dead after their execution, "Crazy Jane," "The Remorse of Delilah," "The Return of Tasso to his Home," the large gallery picture "The Abdication of Charles V."—we are glad to hear is to be entertained at a banquet by his brother artists in England on Friday next. This is a recognition of his great talents which we most cordially join in, and particularly as we have the satisfaction of having been among the first to point out the pictures of M. Gallait as the most remarkable in the Exhibition for the highest qualities of painting. The Banquet is to take place at Willis's Rooms, and Lord Granville will occupy the chair.

The drawing for the prizes of the Crystal Palace Art Union is fixed for Wednesday next, the 23rd inst., at the Crystal Palace. The collection of presentation works offered to the subscribers, in addition to the chance of a valuable prize, is a very rich and tempting one. It comprises twenty-seven separate items at one guinea; six at two guineas; three at three guineas; and six at five guineas. Among these are beautiful ceramic works after designs by Felix Miller, W. Calder Marshall, R.A., Joseph Durham, Raffaele Monti, &c.; porcelain by Wedgwood, Baitam, and Minton; majolica, by Minton, and electro-plate by Elkington. A beautiful Wedgwood vase, in blue and white jasper, a reproduction of the early Wedgwood ware, and an electro-silver gilt vase, by Elkington, seem to us certainly the gems of the collection, which altogether reflects the highest credit upon the spirit and energy of the directors of this excellent Art Union.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—July 5. At a general meeting of the Society, held this day, at three o'clock, a paper was read by R. Stuart Poole, Esq., on the Philological Affinities of the Coptic and Ancient Egyptian Languages. He first offered a short proof of the correct interpretation of the ancient characters. The enchorial papyrus of Leyden affords in its transcriptions of certain words in Greek the means of reading the enchorial inscription of the Rosetta stone. The application of the alphabet thus obtained gives the same result in the cases of the names of Ptolemy, Berenice, Arsinoe, and Alexander, that Dr. Young and Champollion independently obtained from a comparison with the hieroglyphic inscription. The interpretation of the language thus read is rendered certain by the proof that Coptic is the modern form of that language. The general classification of languages as monosyllabic, agglutinate, and amalgamate, was then mentioned. The paper which Mr. Poole proceeded to read began with certain principles of comparison, and then stated the general character of the Egyptian language. A comparison was then instituted with the Semitic group, and it was shown that the supposed earlier state of that group, biliteral, not triliteral, is not connected with Egyptian, but that the traces of relation belong to the triliteral or known condition of Semiticism. The Egyptian roots show a slight relation to Semitic, but in the grammar the pronouns are almost identical. Two theories have been founded upon this close relation. Bunsen supposes Egyptian to be the early state of Semitic. The author of the "Genesis of the Earth," &c., holds the Semitic element of the language to be foreign to the other element, which he believes to be Nigritian. Mr. Poole, in stating the latter theory, observed that it would indicate that there has always been a civilised language, though there may also have been a barbarous form of speech. Sir Charles Nicholson mentioned as a fact going far to prove the correctness of the results arrived at by Egyptologists, that he had submitted a papyrus which he had himself brought from Egypt for translation to two well-known scholars. Each furnished him with a translation, unawares that any other was to be made; and the two, which he laid on the table, though differing widely in form of expression, and somewhat in matter, on one or two points, were on the whole so identical in meaning that he thought no doubt could be felt that the original had been truly understood.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Friday, June 20; the Duke of Northumberland, K.G., F.R.S., Pres., in the chair. M. Faraday, Esq., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., on Gas-furnaces, &c. The subject of the evening was gas-glass furnaces, and having arisen almost extemporaneously, it resolved itself chiefly into an account of the manner in which Mr. Siemens has largely and practically applied gas, combined with the use of his heat-regenerator, to the ignition of all kinds of great furnaces. Gas has been used to supply heat, even upon a very large scale, in some of the iron blast furnaces, and heat which has done work once has been carried back in part to the place

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from whence it came to repeat its service; but Mr. Siemens has combined these two points, and successfully applied them in a great variety of cases—as the potter's kiln—the enameller's furnace—the zinc-distilling furnace—the tube-welding furnace—the metal-melting furnace—the iron-puddling furnace—and the glass furnace, either for covered or open pots—so as to obtain the highest heat required over any extent of space, with great facility of management, and with great economy (one half) of fuel. The glass furnace described had an area of 28 feet long and 14 feet wide, and contained eight open pots, each holding nearly two tons of materials. The gaseous fuel is obtained by the mutual action of coal, air, and water at a moderate red heat. A brick chamber, perhaps 6 feet by 12 and about 10 feet high, has one of its end walls converted into a fire grate, i.e., about halfway down it is a solid plate, and for the rest of the distance consists of strong horizontal plate bars where air enters; the whole being at an inclination such as that which the side of a heap of coals would naturally take. Coals are poured, through openings above, upon this combination of wall and grate, and being fired at the under surface, they burn at the place where the air enters; but as the layer of coal is from 2 to 3 feet thick, various operations go on in those parts of the fuel which cannot burn for want of air. Thus the upper and cooler part of the coal produces a larger body of hydro-carbons; the cinders or coke which are not volatilised, approach, in descending, towards the grate; that part which is nearest the grate burns with the entering air into carbonic acid, and the heat evolved ignites the mass above it; the carbonic acid, passing slowly through the ignited carbon, becomes converted into carbonic oxide, and mingles in the upper part of the chamber (or gas-producer) with the former hydro-carbons. The water, which is purposely introduced at the bottom of the arrangement, is first vapourised by the heat, and then decomposed by the ignited fuel and rearranged as hydrogen and carbonic oxide; and only the ashes of the coal are removed as solid matter from the chamber at the bottom of the fire-bars. These mixed gases form the gaseous fuel. The nitrogen which entered with the air at the grate is mingled with them, constituting about a third of the whole volume. The gas rises up a large vertical tube for 12 or 15 feet, after which it proceeds horizontally, for any required distance, and then descends to the heat-regenerator, through which it passes before it enters the furnaces. A regenerator is a chamber packed with fire-bricks, separated so as to allow of the free passage of air or gas between them. There are four placed under a furnace. The gas ascends through one of these chambers, whilst air ascends through the neighbouring chamber, and both are conducted through passage outlets at one end of the furnace, where mingling they burn, producing the heat due to their chemical action. Passing onwards to the other end of the furnace, they (i.e., the combined gases) find precisely similar outlets down which they pass; and traversing the two remaining regenerators from above downwards, heat them intensely, especially the upper part, and so travel on in their cooled state to the shaft or chimney. Now the passages between the four regenerators and the gas and air are supplied with valves and deflecting plates, some of which are like four way-cocks in their action; so that by the use of a lever these regenerators and air-ways, which were carrying off the expended fuel, can in a moment be used for conducting air and gas into the furnace; and those which just before had served to carry air and gas into the furnace now take the burnt fuel away to the stack. It is to be observed, that the intensely heated flame which leaves the furnace for the stack always proceeds downwards through the regenerators, so that the upper part of them is most intensely ignited, keeping back, as it does, the intense heat; and so effectual are they in this action, that the gas which enters the stack to be cast into the air is not usually above 300 deg. Fahr. of heat. On the other hand, the entering gas and air always passes upwards through the regenerator, so that they attain a temperature equal to white heat before they meet in the furnace, and there add to the carried heat that due to their mutual chemical action. It is considered that when the furnace is in full order, the heat carried forward to be evolved by the chemical action of combustion is about 4000 deg., whilst that carried back by the regenerators is about 3000 deg., making an intensity of power which, unless moderated on purpose, would faze furnace and all exposed to its action. Thus the regenerators are alternately heated and cooled by the outgoing and entering gas and air, and the time for the alternation is from half an hour to an hour, as observation may indicate. The motive power on the gas is of two kinds—a slight excess of pressure within is kept up from the gas-producer to the bottom of the regenerator to prevent air entering and mingling with the fuel before it is burnt; but from the furnace, downwards through the regenerators, the advance of the heated medium is governed mainly by the draught in the tall stack, or chimney. Great facility is afforded in the management of these furnaces. If, whilst glass is in the course of manufacture, an intense heat is required, an abundant supply of gas and air is given; when the glass is made, and the condition has to be reduced to working temperature, the quantity of fuel and air is reduced. If the combustion in the furnace is required to be gradual from end to end, the inlets of air and gas are placed more or less apart the one from the other. The gas is lighter than the air; and if a rapid evolution of heat is required as in a short puddling furnace, the mouth of the gas inlet is placed below that of an air inlet; if the reverse is required, as in the long tube-welding furnace, the contrary arrangement is used. Sometimes, as in the enameller's furnace, which is a long muffle, it is requisite that the heat be greater at the door end of the muffle and furnace, because the goods, being put in and taken out at the same end, those which enter last and are withdrawn first, remain, of course, for a shorter time in the heat at that end; and though the fuel and air enters first at one end and then at the other, alternately, still the necessary difference of temperature is preserved by the adjustment of the apertures at those ends. Not merely can the supply of gas and air to the furnace be governed by valves in the passages, but the very manufacture of the gas fuel itself can be diminished, or even stopped, by cutting off the supply of air to the grate of the gas-producer; and this is important, inasmuch as there is no gasometer to receive and preserve the aeriform fuel, for it proceeds at once to the furnaces. Some of the furnaces have their contents open to the fuel and combustion, as in the puddling and metal-melting arrangements; others are

enclosed, as in the muffle furnaces and the flint-glass furnaces. Because of the great cleanliness of the fuel, some of the glass furnaces, which before had closed pots, now have them open, with great advantage to the working and no detriment to the colour. The economy in the fuel is esteemed practically as one-half, even when the same kind of coal is used either directly for the furnace or for the gas-producer; but, as in the latter case, the most worthless kind can be employed—such as slack, &c., which can be converted into a clean gaseous fuel at a distance from the place of the furnace, so, many advantages seem to present themselves in this part of the arrangement. It will be seen that the system depends, in a great measure, upon the intermediate production of carbonic oxide from coal, instead of the direct production of carbonic acid. Now, carbonic oxide is poisonous, and, indeed, both these gases are very deleterious. Carbonic acid must at last go into the atmosphere; but the carbonic oxide ceases to exist at the furnace, its time is short, and whilst existing it is confined on its way from the gas-producer to the furnace, where it becomes carbonic acid. No signs of harm from it have occurred, although its application has been made in thirty furnaces or more. The following are some numbers that were used to convey general impressions to the audience. Carbon burnt perfectly into carbonic acid in a gas-producer would evolve about 4000 deg. of heat; but, if burnt into carbonic oxide, it would evolve only 1200 deg. The carbonic oxide, in its fuel form, carries on with it the 2800 deg. in chemical force, which it evolves when burning in the real furnace with a sufficient supply of air. The remaining 1200 deg. are employed in the gas-producer in distilling hydro-carbons, decomposing water, &c. The whole mixed gaseous fuel can evolve about 4000 deg. in the furnace, to which the regenerator can return about 3000 deg. more.

THE ACCLIMATISATION SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE FIRST CELEBRATION DINNER of the Acclimatisation Society was held at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, on Saturday last, the 12th inst., the Right Hon. Lord Stanley, M.P., in the chair. The objects of this society are already well known to the readers of the CRITIC. The dinner was intended, in some sort, as an illustration of those objects, by introducing for the first time into the bill of fare of a public dinner articles of food which the society is labouring to introduce, and, at the same time, advantage was taken of the Great Exhibition to put upon an English table delicacies belonging to foreign cuisines, such as seldom have the opportunity of making their appearance in these latitudes.

The Chairman was supported by the Duke of St. Albans, Lord Powerscourt, Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley (Vice), Sir Claude Scott, Lord Tredegar, Sir H. Young, Lord Digby, Sir W. Holmes, Sir J. Heron Maxwell, Lord Hamilton, Hon. Stuart Wortley, Hon. C. Fitzwilliam, M.P., Lord Loughborough, the Viscount Murat de Sistrères, Earl of Pomfret, Captain Dawson Damer, M.P. (Vice), Mons. Aubrey le Comte, Dr. Günther, Mons. P. Pichot, Mons. Jules Cloquet, Rev. P. le Feuvre, Colonel Taylor, Colonel Ridley, Colonel Mare, Captain Bowden, Captain Guest, Rev. W. Crichton, Captain Swinburn, F. Berkeley, Mr. Hugh C. E. Childers, M.P., Captain A. Clarke, E. Wilson, Esq. (Melbourne), L. Mackinnon, Esq., Robert Chambers, Esq., B. Waterhouse Hawkins, Esq., S. E. Rolland, Esq., Percy Smith, Esq., Francis Francis, Esq., the Hon. P. Wyndham, Captain Glynn, C. Hambro, Esq., John Crockford, Esq., E. W. Cox, Esq., C. S. Townshend, Esq., Irwin Willes, Esq., George Caldwell, Esq., Jonas Levy, Esq., Stirling Coyne, Esq., C. W. Quin, Esq., F.C.P., C. Knight, Esq., F. T. Buckland, Esq., and James Lowe, Esq., &c., &c.

In addition to Messrs. Willis's bill of fare (which was excellent) the following exceptional dishes were offered, and on the bill of fare it was stated that, as some of them could only be offered in small quantities small samples would be offered to the guests. This limitation, however, only applied to a few of the dishes, and of the others there was an ample supply. The exceptional dishes (indicated in the bill of fare by an asterisk) were as follows:

Potages—Birds'-nest soup (China), tripang, or bêche de mer (Japan), semoule (Algérie), nerfs de daim (Cochin China).

Entrées—Kangaroo steamer (Tasmania), pepper-pot (West Indies), poulette en karic à la Siamoise, riz de veau à l'oseille de Dominique.

Relevés—Chinese lamb, kangaroo ham (Australia).

Rots—Syrian pig, Canadian goose, Hon. Grantley Berkeley's pintail ducks, guan (Central America), curassow (Central America), Honduras turkey, dusky ducks, couple of leporines (France), Brent geese (Holland).

Legumes—Chinese yam.

Entremets—Sweet potatoes (Algérie), sea-weed jelly (Queensland).

Hors d'œuvre—Digby herring salad, botargo (Ionian Islands), &c.

Dessert—Dried bananas (Ile de Réunion), preserved pine-apple (Ile de Réunion), bibas (Ile de Réunion), preserved cassareep, Guava jelly, Rosella jelly (Queensland), Australian biscuits, meat-biscuits (Australia).

In addition to the usual supply of port, sherry, champagne, Moselle, and hock, a great variety of foreign wines and liqueurs (principally from Australia, Martinique, Algérie, and Ionian Islands) were offered to the guests. These, as specified in the bill of fare, were:

Australian Wines (presented by Sir Redmond Barry). Hermitage, Chablis, Ceres Burgundy, Red Burgundy, White Longfield Wine, Hock, Sauterne, White Victoria, Aconrat, Red Victoria, Sweet-Water.

Wine from New South Wales (presented by Sir Daniel Cooper).

Camden Wine, New South Wales (presented by L. Mackinnon, Esq.).

Pine Apple Wine (Queensland). Plum Wine (Queensland). Vin de Pommes d'Acajou (Guadeloupe). Vin d'Oranges (Guadeloupe). "Oued Allah" (Algérie). Liqueur Amér (Algérie). Nectar de Garibaldi (Algérie). Char- treuse (Algérie). Crème de Citron (Ionian Islands). Crème d'Orange (Ionian Islands). Rosoleon (Ionian Islands). Mentha (Ionian Islands). Vino de Vio Pasta (Ionian Islands). Muscat (Ionian Islands). Rum (Martinique).

Of course it would be as difficult to report upon the merits of all these various dishes and beverages, as it would have been to have partaken of them all. We may state, however, both from our own experience and from that of persons in whose judgment we can place reliance, that the birds'-nest soup was excellent; though, it has been observed, it scarcely seems to be worth its weight in silver, which is the price paid for it in China. The tripang, or sea-slug soup, gave rise to some difference of opinion, possibly arising from its not very attractive name; but Mr. Willis ruled

that it was very little if at all inferior to turtle. The soup made of the sinews of the *Axis* deer was highly approved of, and that thickened with the *Semoule* flour (which is a preparation of the fine hard wheat grown in Southern Europe and Northern Africa, from which also are made the macaroni of Italy and the Kouscousou of Morocco and Algeria, two of the grand fundamental dishes of the world), was well spoken of. The kangaroo steamer was small in quantity, and much too highly seasoned. It was, moreover, prepared as *croquettes*, and not as a stew, as it should have been. The pepper pot (a stew flavoured with cassareep, a sauce made of the manioc) obtained as great a *success d'estime* as if it had been eaten in the West Indies. It was specially prepared for the occasion by Sir William Holmes. The Siamese curry was much enjoyed by those who tasted it, and also the sweetbreads dressed with preserved sorrel from St. Domingo. We next come to the *pieces de resistance*. The Chinese lamb (one of the flock recently imported by the society) was roasted whole, and both its texture and flavour were highly approved of. The same may be said of the Syrian pig (a hybrid between an English animal and the wild Syrian boar). The curassow and dusky ducks had many admirers; and there was but one opinion as to the excellence of the Hon. Grantley Berkeley's hybrid between the wild pintail and the common duck—a cross which combines the plumpness and texture of the one with the flavour of the other. Some *gourmets* maintained that the flavour of the hare was distinctly mingled with that of the rabbit in the *leporines* from France; but we, disbelieving in the existence of any cross between the *lepus timidus* and the *lepus cuniculus*, are inclined to believe that to be imaginary. The Chinese yam (*Dioscorea batatas*) is a vegetable the propagation of which is among the most cherished objects of the society. Some fine specimens of this interesting tuber were handed round, and the verdict of the majority was that they resembled in flavour good mashed potato. The sweet *patate* of Algeria were dressed with cream and sugar as a sweet *entremet*, and were much liked. Seaweed jelly was made of gelatine produced from the *Gracilaria confervoides* and other *algæ* from Australia. They are quite equal to any isinglass jelly, and it is worthy of note that many naturalists have pointed out that on our own coasts and in the Channel Islands an ample supply of this excellent form of gelatine is readily obtainable. The *botargo* is a delicious zest prepared with the roe of the red mullet in the Mediterranean, and the herring-salad (prepared for the occasion by the cook of John Crockford, Esq.) was made with dried capelins and the far-famed Digby herring. The preserves and confections in the dessert call for no special remark beyond a record that they were highly appreciated.

Of the wines much need not be said. Some of the finer qualities of Australian wine, such as the Camden, the Irrawang, and the Kaludah (from Victoria), were highly applauded. Of the liqueurs, the "Oued Allah" and Nectar de Garibaldi (from Algeria), and the Martinique rum, bore away the palm. Altogether a more extraordinary or more instructive, and, it may also be added, a better dinner was never offered on a public occasion before.

The cloth having been removed,

The CHAIRMAN proposed "The healths of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the members of the Royal Family," which were, as usual, warmly responded to.

The CHAIRMAN next gave "The Army and Navy," alluding to the fact that the officers of both services, from their being stationed in different parts of the world, might render efficient service to the society by obtaining recruits for the association, and also in giving them information as regarded valuable animals and plants, which might by acclimatisation be made useful to the human race.

Sir JOHN MAXWELL returned thanks on behalf of the navy, and stated that if the officers of that service could be of use to the society, so could the society to the navy.

Colonel RIDLEY briefly returned thanks for the army.

The CHAIRMAN, in proposing the toast of "Prosperity to the Acclimatisation Society," said that the society had been set on foot not as the hobby of a few individuals, but with the confident opinion that its members might bring about results which would be of general and public utility. They did not care about bringing to this country rare animals, which could only be seen in menageries, or rare plants, which could only be seen in hothouses, and they did not care for any vegetables or animals which could not be naturalised in this country, and could not be brought to contribute to beauty, utility, or enjoyment. They might, no doubt, make some failures, but the principles which he had stated were those which formed the basis of the operations of the society. The society had not been in existence for more than eighteen months, and he hoped they were too good naturalists to suppose that in that short time the society could have arrived at maturity, for rapid growth was always followed by rapid decay. The society now comprised 137 members, and now had a balance at the banker's of something over 500*l*. There was no society in London whose working expenses were so small, for as yet it had not a single paid officer connected with it. The receipts, after the deduction of the necessary expenses, went directly to the importation of plants and animals from foreign countries; but even this outlay was returned in great part to the society, as the plants and animals were sold, and not given to the members. It was to the individual exertion of its members that the society must look for its great success, and of those who had already rendered it great service might be mentioned the names of Mr. Grantley Berkeley, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Mackinnon, Mr. Buckland, the Marquis of Breadalbane, Lord Powerscourt, Sir G. Wombwell, and Miss Burdett Coutts; that lady, when they were in danger of failing for want of funds, having generously presented them with 500*l*. The society had already imported from the United States the prairie grouse, a new variety of turkey from Honduras, the guan and curassow from Central America, and were about to introduce the gellinotte from Norway. Of fish, they were trying to introduce the Murray cod from Australia; and a German fish, whose name he could not pronounce, but said to be something between a pike and a perch, and better than either. As regards animals, they had introduced the Chinese sheep, which, though short of wool, he could bear testimony were excellent eating, and, moreover, would breed twice a year.

The excellence of these sheep had been acknowledged by the Royal Agricultural Society, from whom they had received a prize at the late exhibition. The Marquis of Breadalbane had introduced the bison, and he had now a large herd of them, and Lord Hill had been very successful with the eland. Of vegetables they had introduced the Chinese yam, which took so kindly to English earth that it was said to be exceedingly difficult to get the roots out of it. Next, through Lady Dorothy Nevill, the *Bombyx Cynthia* silk-worms had been successfully introduced into this country, they having been found to prosper on the ailanthus, which flourished almost everywhere, and a specimen of which might be seen close at hand in St. James's-square. He supposed their forefathers got on well enough without turkeys, pheasants, or even potatoes; but at the present day it was thought that these additions to diet were of some value, and they owed some debt of gratitude to those who introduced them into this country. It was only within the last fifty years that the world had been fairly opened to travel and exploration, and it was probable that many articles at present little known in this country would in the next century be as common as those to which reference had just been made. But if the society did not accomplish all the good that they expected, its members would at least have this to fall back upon—the reflection that they had formed for themselves a very harmless, interesting, and instructive, and, as times go, a not very costly occupation; and even if it ended there, something was at least gained. The toast, coupled with the name of Mr. Grantley Berkeley, was heartily responded to, and was duly acknowledged by Mr. Berkeley, who, in return, gave the French "Société Impériale d'Acclimatation."

M. CLOQUET briefly returned thanks, giving an account of the present condition and prospects of the society and warmly acknowledging the fact that, at the request of the French society, the Acclimatisation Society of Great Britain had generously presented, out of their small flock of Chinese sheep, a couple of animals to breed from.

Captain DAWSON DAMER (Vice-President) gave "The Acclimatisation Society of Melbourne," coupling it with the name of Mr. Edward Wilson.

Mr. WILSON, in reply, warmly eulogised the present proceedings of the English Society. Up to the present time England had seemed rather to lag in the rear, when she ought to be leading in the great task of replenishing the earth with all manner of good things.

Mr. E. W. COX proposed the "Visitors and Contributors to the Dinner."

Viscount POWERSCOURT proposed the health of "The Lady Members" of the society, among whom may be found the best friend, and also one of the most active members, of whom the society can as yet boast. The society owes a debt of gratitude to Miss Burdett Coutts for her kindness to it in its infancy; and in the success which has attended Lady Dorothy Nevill's experiments with the Ailanthus silk-worm, we cannot but recognise one of the most important operations yet effected in the way of acclimatisation.

The CHAIRMAN proposed the healths of the secretaries, Messrs. F. T. Buckland and James Lowe, and, after responses from those gentlemen, the company adjourned to test the merits of some Ayapana tea and Cassia Orientalis coffee, in addition to the more familiar Mocha and Souchong—eventually separating at rather a late hour, with many wishes that this will be the first of a long series of similarly interesting and exceptional dinners, to be given by the Acclimatisation Society of Great Britain.

MISCELLANEA.

MR. E. PEPPER is giving an interesting series of lectures at the Polytechnic Institution, "On some of the chief Scientific Specialities of the International Exhibition."

The second *soirée* of the Society of Arts was held at the South Kensington Museum on Wednesday evening, the 9th inst., and was both numerously and fashionably attended.

The following is a list of all pensions granted between June 20, 1861, and June 20, 1862, and charged upon the Civil List: Miss Elizabeth Baly and Miss Mary Josephine Fauvet (a joint pension), 100*l*., in consideration of the late Dr. Baly's long career in the public service, and of the merit of the scientific medical works, of which he was the author; Mr. Richard Cort, 50*l*., in addition to his former pension of 50*l*., in addition to his former pension of 50*l*., on account of the great value and utility of his father's discoveries in the working of iron, and of his failure to derive any pecuniary benefit therefrom; Mrs. Mary Cross, 100*l*., in consideration of her late husband's merits as a painter, and of her straitened circumstances; Mrs. Jane Fonblanque, 100*l*., on account of her husband having been forty-four years in the consular service, and of his death having been caused by an attack made upon him while at his post at Belgrade, by a Turkish soldier, when his family was left entirely unprovided for; Dr. John Hart, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, 75*l*., in consideration of his contributions to the science of anatomy and physiology, and of his being afflicted with blindness and broken health; Mr. Charles Mackay, 100*l*., in consideration of his contributions to poetry and to general literature; Miss Emma Robinson, 75*l*., in consideration of her many romances, historical plays, and other contributions to periodical literature of admitted excellence; Mr. George Rainey, 100*l*., in consideration of his labours in the field of minute anatomy and physiology, and of the many works on the subject which he has given to the public in the transactions of learned societies without receiving any remuneration; Mr. Leitch Ritchie, 100*l*., in acknowledgment of his labours to enrich the literature of his country, and to elevate the intellectual condition of the poor; Mr. Thomas Roscoe, 50*l*., in consideration of his literary labours; Mr. John Seymer, 100*l*., in consideration of his contributions to literature, and of his career of usefulness at home, and his educational labours among the natives of India, in spite of his being blind from within two years of his birth; Mr. Isaac Taylor, 100*l*., in public acknowledgment of his eminent services to literature, especially in the departments of history and philosophy, during a period of more than forty years; Mr. John Wade, 50*l*., in consideration of his contributions to political literature, more especially during the time of the Reform Bill of 1832; Mrs. Janet Wilson and Miss Jessie Wilson, 100*l*., a joint pension, in consideration of the eminent services of the late Professor George Wilson, of Edinburgh, as a public teacher and scientific man. Total, 1200*l*.

BOOK NEWS:

A BOOKSELLER'S RECORD AND AUTHOR'S AND PUBLISHER'S REGISTER.

THE TRADE IS DULL, but a fair number of good books have made their appearance in the past fortnight. Count Charles Arrivabene, who acted as correspondent for *The Daily News* during the campaign in Lombardy and Garibaldi's invasion of Naples, gives, in a personal narrative, an account of "Italy under Victor Emmanuel." A "Flaneur" in like manner describes his impressions of "Ten Years of Imperialism in France." Captain Laurie in two volumes details the results of his travels in Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and an anonymous author makes a small book out of a holiday in Scandinavia, and entitles it "Gamle Norge," or Old Norway. Mrs. Mason, a missionary, relates her experiences in "Civilizing Mountain Men" in Burmah. Mr. Montgomery Martin has completed the first volume of his Colonial history in "The Progress and Present State of British India." Mr. Hugo Reid has drawn up a Hand-book of the History of the United States. It is a common idea, that novelists are the largest makers of books, but we think if there was a collector of novels, and a collector of books of travel and foreign adventure and experience, the stores of the one would quite equal in bulk and number the stores of the other.

In fiction we have from Mr. G. J. Whyte Melville "The Queen's Marias, a Romance of Holyrood;" from the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald "Lucilla," an Italian tale; from Mrs. Gatty "Melchior's Dream;" and from Captain Curling "Mary Graham." Mr. Sala has collected from the magazines another series of tales and sketches which he entitles "Accepted Addresses." From Edinburgh we have "Hermynius, a Romance," by I. E. S.

Mr. F. T. Palgrave has collected the published and manuscript Poems of the late A. H. Clough into one volume and prefixed a short memoir. Mr. Julius Lloyd brings out a new Life of Sir Philip Sidney, being the second we have had this year. In "Captain Gronow's Reminiscences," we have a series of anecdotes of the Camp, Court, and the Clubs at the close of the war with France; and in "Brother-Help" a collection of stories about well-known philanthropists.

Mr. Tom Taylor has brought out a Guide to the Pictures in the International Exhibition. Mr. P. L. Simmonds gives his views on the possible uses of various Waste and Undeveloped Substances. Mr. Thomas Hare publishes his "Thoughts on the Dwellings of the People;" and Dr. Gairdner has prepared for general reading a volume on Clinical Medicine, or comments on observations made at the bedside of the sick.

The export of English books to America has fallen off greatly during the current war, but the extra import duty of 25 per cent., which Congress has just imposed, is likely to extinguish the book trade with this country altogether. Of course wealthy collectors in America will have English books at whatever price, but these are few and scarce worth entering as an item in a nation's ledger. The new tariff is imposed for the express purpose of the increase of revenue, but on this side we plainly see that as it will extinguish trade it must also extinguish revenue. Some of our publishers have houses and agencies in New York, but unless they are content to export stereotype plates, and print from them editions for the American market on American paper, they may as well give up business. We might almost imagine that this new impost had been laid on at the suggestion of the Harpers and the other firms who flourish on the reprint of English books, and who wish to be delivered from the last shadow of contest with English enterprise. Looking, however, at the new American tariff as a whole, it so completely reverses every rule of economic science that we feel certain, that at no distant day it will be repealed or modified. In the present crisis of perplexity and suffering we cannot reasonably look for cool financial forethought, or any appreciation of those liberal truths under the guidance of which the English Chancellor of the Exchequer is enabled to provide funds for even our overflowing national extravagance.

The bookselling trade of France appears to have received a fresh impulse. At the beginning of the year business was rather dull, and the civil war in America had a decided effect on exports; but within the last month or two matters have taken a turn, and now the figures representing the commerce in books for the first five months of the present year exceed those of 1861 and the more prosperous year 1860. The general commerce in books, engravings, and lithographs exported in the first five months of 1862 has been 9114 quintals, valued at 5,468,400 francs, against 8702 quintals, valued at 5,221,200 francs, in the corresponding months of 1860; and the special commerce has been 8558 quintals, valued at 5,134,800 francs, against 8552 quintals during the same period in 1860, valued at 5,131,200 francs. The French booksellers appear to be satisfied with these results, and yet how book-making and bookselling gets on at all in France is, to our English mind, a mystery, seeing how the press is trammelled in every direction and in every process. It has just been decided that a bookbinder, having issued circulars respecting his business, on paper prepared with a chemical product, applied to a stone covered with

characters, surcharged with a sheet of zinc upon which the workman was obliged, at each operation, to run a polisher by means of the hand, constitutes the misdemeanour of keeping a clandestine printing press. For this terrible crime or misdemeanour of keeping a kind of lithographic press to print his trade circulars, the bookbinder, Ch. Micolet, was condemned by the civil tribunal of Châtillon-sur-Seine to be imprisoned for six months and to pay a fine of 10,000 francs, with expenses. Against this sentence the poor bookbinder appealed to the Imperial Court of Lyons, but without avail. The judgment of the first court has been sustained, and the bookbinder must go to prison, pay a fine of 400l., and all expenses.

Free (or comparatively free) libraries, in imitation of those in England, appear to occupy the French mind. According to the *Moniteur*, one has been established in the third *arrondissement* of Paris. By means of a monthly subscription of fourpence and an entrance fee of twopence for men, a subscription of twopence per month and an entrance fee of fivepence for women, this library places at the disposal of every subscriber books for study, reviews, history, science, literature, poetry, and works of every kind calculated to amuse and instruct. The movement appears to be successful. One of the subscribers writes: "The family gains here what the public-house loses, and society gains all that the family gains." This is but a solitary attempt in Paris; but at present there are more than 500 subscribers to the Paris library of the third *arrondissement*, which has more than 1500 volumes, and in three months has lent out above 3300 volumes. This library is open at workmen's hours—between 7 and 10 o'clock in the evening.

We learn that a catalogue in French and English will shortly be published by Sotheby and Wilkinson, of the remainder of the Libri collection of books and manuscripts, which is to be sold in the course of the present month. We learn further that this will be the most extraordinary assemblage of ancient manuscripts and printed books which has ever been put up to public sale; with bindings mounted in ivory, silver, gilt silver, enamels, cameos, and precious stones, executed from the sixth to the thirteenth century. Among the books is mentioned the "Cicero de Officiis," of Mentz, 1465; the Aldine edition of Petrarch, 1501, on vellum, a splendid copy, in ancient ornamental binding, &c. Among the designs, those of Leonard de Vinci, Raphael, Michael Angelo, le Guerchin, &c.

The new volume of Brunet's "Manuel du Libraire," &c., comprehending the letters LEM—MYV, contains a variety of new and curious entries. We notice here a few only, as, "Le Livre de la toute belle sans pair qui est la Vierge Marie," in which occurs several chapters with singular titles; one, for example, "Méditation dévote du nez de la Vierge Marie" (A devout meditation on the nose of the Virgin Mary), and the pious author does not rest with this organ. We have, also, "Le Bouquet aux roses choisies," the flowers of spiritual song; "Le Moins que Rien," and "Le Livre qui guarist de tous maux"—the book which cures every malady, a collection of rondeaus and ballads. "Le Livre des quatre choses, Lyons, 1496" (The Book of Four Things), a mystical work, teaches to think of time past—to dispose of things present—to provide for time to come—and, to set forth the matter doubtful. A copy of this little work, which contains twenty pages only, has sold for 400 francs. We have, also, "Le Miroir historique," with the curious imprint: "a este fait et imprime a lyon sur le rosne en la maison de maistre bartholomieu buyer citoien de lyon et fini le dernier jour de iuillet mil quatre cens LXXXIX. Deo Gracias."

In recent French literature we have to note, "Six Mille Lieues à toute Vapeur," by Maurice Sand, and a new edition of "Mlle. Mariani," by Arsène Houssaye. A third edition has appeared of the work of M. J. Barthélemy Sainte-Hilaire, "Le Bouddha et sa Religion," revised and augmented, with a note on the Nirvana. Towards the close of June appeared, "Retouches au nouveau dictionnaire des ouvrages anonymes et pseudonymes de M. E. de Manne;" and, towards the end of September next will appear the third number of Tome XII. of "Le France littéraire." The canonization of the martyrs of Japan has produced a host of small histories, not one of them worth quoting. The sixth volume of the "Mémoires de M. De Laroche-foucauld, Duc de Doudeauville," has been published, treating of the second restoration to the death of Louis XVIII. Hugo's "Les Misérables" continue to be a grand success. The fourth part, "L'Idylle Rue Plumet et l'Epopée Rue St. Denis," and the fifth part, "Jean Valjean," are now on sale.

What have become of all the books which men have engraven on tablets of gold and brass and ivory, which they have written on rolls of papyrus and vellum, which they have had printed on paper by the marvellous art of Fusts and Schoeffer, Caxtons, Wynkyn de Wordes, Alduses, Frobyns, and other glories of typography? The tooth of time and the gnawing worm have caused multitudes to disappear, the accidents of fire and flood have destroyed large treasures of literary wealth; and what heaps of books have descended into the fatal limbo of forgetfulness to rot and perish ignominiously! But to have some

idea of how many precious ancient books and manuscripts have been destroyed by the "act of man," through fire, pillage, and devastation, one must take a look into the "Curiosities bibliographiques" of M. Ludovic Lalanne. Here we find such sad records as the following: In 746, B.C., Nabonassar, King of Babylon, caused the history of all his predecessors to be destroyed. In 213, B.C., the Chinese Emperor Chi Hoang-Ti caused nearly the whole of the books in the empire to be destroyed. In 640, A.D., the Arabs, or perhaps some other devastators, burned the celebrated library of Alexandria. In the eleventh century the Turks pillaged the library of the Caliphs of Egypt, at Cairo. In the twelfth century the Franks burned the library of Tripoli, in Syria, containing three millions of volumes. In this library, says M. Quatremère, there were counted 50,000 copies of the Koran, and 20,000 commentaries on this book. In the fifteenth century the Turks seized on Constantinople, and destroyed the monastic libraries in particular. In the sixteenth century Soliman entered Buda, and burned the magnificent library of the King of Hungary, of which a contemporary has written: "But why should I say books when each of these books is a treasure?" The iconoclasts broke down images and did not spare books. The Danes and Northmen destroyed churches and books. The Romans burnt the books of Jews, Christians, and philosophers. The Jews burnt the books of Christians and Pagans. The Reformers in their zeal destroyed monasteries and their learned monuments. The archives of the ancient history of Mexico and Peru were thrown into the flames by the Spaniards. Tippoo-Sahib employed the fine collections of Mysore to feed the fire destined to cook grain for his horses. Books are destroyed, and ideas survive; but the loss of masterpieces is ever to be regretted. M. Lalanne states that at the epoch of the French Revolution the loss of books was less considerable than is generally believed. In the great fire of London, in 1666, many valuable libraries must have been destroyed, but this was accident. The destruction of books by the voluntary act of man far exceeds in proportion the destruction which may be assigned to the "act of God."

"HERZEGOVINA, or Omer Pacha and the Christian Rebels, with a brief account of the social, political, and financial condition of Servia," in two volumes, by Lieut. G. Arbutnot, will be published immediately by Messrs. Longman and Co.

WE UNDERSTAND that the Messrs. Anderson, of Inverness, are about to bring out a new edition of their well-known "Guide to the Highlands," and that the work will take particular note of all the northern railways.

MR. SHIRLEY BROOKS'S new novel, which was expected to appear last month, has been deferred until the end of the present dull season.

THE REV. HERMAN DOUGLAS, the writer of the letters in *The Times* on Londoners over the Border, has a book just ready, entitled "Jerusalem the Golden, and the Way to It," with an introduction by the author of "Mary Powell."

"ELEMENTS OF INTERNATIONAL LAW," by Mr. Henry Wheaton, in one volume, is announced by Messrs. S. Low, Son, and Co.

THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY will commence a new tale in the August number of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

MRS. LONGWORTH YELVERTON, it is reported, is about to raise an action for damages against an Edinburgh daily newspaper for a libel in a leading article commenting on the trial in which she gained 500*l.* damages from Mr. Walker, of Dalry.

MR. CHARLES PACE has in preparation a Guide to the Pyrenees, especially intended for the use of mountaineers. It will be published as a thin pocket volume, with a large map, by Messrs. Longman and Co. this month.

"STIRRING TIMES UNDER CANVAS," by Captain Herford, is a new book announced by Mr. Bentley.

"THE RAMBLER," the Roman Catholic magazine, which of late has been published six times a year, has this month been transformed into a quarterly, and named *The Home and Foreign Review*. It will be published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate as heretofore.

A TRANSLATION, by Mr. Edward Romilly, from the French, of M. de la Rive's "Reminiscences of the Life and Character of Count Cavour," will be published this month by Messrs. Longmans.

"MEMOIRS OF A CHALLENGED LIFE; or, Vicissitudes in Both Hemispheres," in three volumes, by Mr. Charles Stretton, with a portrait of the author is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Bentley.

MR. BENNETT, of Bishopgate-street, has purchased the copyrights of the greater number of Mr. and Mrs. Howitt's juvenile works, and intends to re-issue them in a uniform series, commencing with Mr. Howitt's "Boy's Country Book." The contributions of the Howitts to juvenile literature have been scattered over thirty years, and many of the best have been long out of print, and are unknown to the young people of this generation.

THE REV. CHARLES FORSTER, the Rector of Stisted, is preparing a volume entitled "Sinai Photographed," comprising a series of photographs from the inscriptions on the rocks in the peninsula of Mount Sinai, recording the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt, with a narrative, and translations of the inscriptions. It will be published by Mr. Bentley.

MR. CHARLES EDWIN STUBBS died on the 2nd July after a short illness. Mr. Stubbs was the founder of the *Trade Protection Circular*, and of that widespread organisation whereby commercial men are warned and protected from swindlers and falling men, though sometimes at the cost of injustice to the unfortunate and temporarily embarrassed. His *Circular*, from a small beginning, has risen, it is said, to a circulation of 20,000 in the counting-houses of the United Kingdom. Mr. Stubbs's death will not interfere with the business of his office, which for years has been thoroughly organised.

OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.—A writer in the *Dublin Express* tells this amusing, if not surprising anecdote: "A friend of mine of considerable standing on the London Press, who has for some years fulfilled the onerous duties of 'London Correspondent' to a leading provincial daily journal, accepted some time ago a similar engagement in connection with a well-known newspaper, published not a hundred miles from Edinburgh. In this capacity he appeared to give every satisfaction, until a day or two back, when he received a polite communication from the proprietor, informing him, with commendable candour, that his services would not be required for the future, as the sub-editor had undertaken, in addition to his other functions, the preparation of the 'London Correspondence!'"

A VOLUME on "The Ruined Cities of North Africa situated in Ancient Numidian and Carthaginian Territory," by Dr. Davis, is preparing for publication by Mr. Murray.

THE RECENTLY-DISCOVERED AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CHARLES V. is being translated into English by Mr. L. F. Simpson, for Messrs. Longman and Co.

DR. DANIEL WILSON, the Professor of History at Toronto has a work in the press on "Prehistoric Man; or, Researches into the Origin of Civilisation in the Old and New Worlds." It will be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

"GONGARA," a historical and critical essay on the age of Philip III. and IV. of Spain, with translations from the works of Gongara by Archdeacon Churton, is announced by Mr. Murray, in two volumes.

MR. W. Y. SELLAR, the Professor of Greek at St. Andrew's has a work nearly completed on the Roman Poets of the Republic, which will be published about the end of autumn.

THE RESERVED and most valuable portion of M. Libri's collection of books and manuscripts will be disposed of by auction by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, on four days, commencing on Friday, 25th inst.

PROFESSOR ANSTED has a book in the press, descriptive of a recent tour in Hungary, which will be published in the present season by Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co.

MR. BOHN will reprint, in his cheap series, Washington Irving's Life and Letters, by his nephew, Mr. Pierre M. Irving. The first volume complete, at the low price of 2*s.*, is just ready.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS of the late Lieut.-General Sir William Napier, author of "The History of the Peninsular War," &c., is in preparation under the editorship of Mr. H. A. Bruce, M.P.

"JOHN ARNOLD," a novel in three volumes, by the author of "Matthew Paxton," will be published this season by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

MRS. ATKINSON, the wife of the Siberian traveller who died last year, has in preparation a work descriptive of her own "Recollections of the Tartar Steppes and their Inhabitants."

MR. TOM TAYLOR'S long promised edition of the late C. R. Leslie's unfinished Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds is at last announced by Mr. Murray for October.

MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE, the authoress of "Intuitive Morals," and other metaphysical works, is preparing a complete and uniform edition in twelve volumes, of the whole writings of the late Theodore Parker, of Boston. Messrs. Trübner and Co. will be the publishers.

A REPORT that the *Gentleman's Magazine* was about to come to an end is contradicted by Sylvanus Urban in the last number. The *Gentleman's Magazine* is now in its 131st year, and seems as remote from death as ever.

THE THIRD VOLUME of Mr. Smiles's Lives of the Engineers will consist of the lives of George and Robert Stephenson, including a narrative by the latter of his father's inventions and improvements in connection with the locomotive engine and railways. The life of George Stephenson will simply be a thoroughly revised edition of Mr. Smiles's former biography.

THE GRESHAM LIBRARY, in Cheapside, has been closed by its owner, Mr. Cotes, and to-day Mr. Hodgson will commence, in Chancery-lane, the sale of 50,000 volumes from its shelves. The Gresham has long been suffering from the competition of the new school of librarians, and now that Mr. Mudie and the Library Company have taken up quarters in the city, Mr. Cotes has deemed it discreet to retire.

DR. JOHN BROWN, of Edinburgh, the author of "Horse Subservience," is a member of the United Presbyterian Church, briefly and vulgarly styled the "U.P. Church," which is an agglomeration of various ancient secessions from the Established Church of Scotland, on ecclesiastical, not doctrinal grounds. Last week he was invited to a synodical dinner in Edinburgh, at which Dr. Smith, of Biggar, was in the chair, and where he was expected to make a speech and propose "The U.P. Synod." He was compelled to decline, but addressed the following characteristic apology to the chairman: "I see you have put me down for the health of the Synod. You little knew (I hope) the total incapacity of your man. But I must say that if I could not do any credit to the Synod, I feel more and more the credit the Synod does me. This is the 'blood and culture' [a hit this at the editor of the *Courant*, who, by his incessant discourse on 'Blood and Culture,' is now known through all Edinburgh by that nickname] I am most proud of—to have had a great-grandfather, a grandfather, three grand-uncles, a father, a second cousin, and three full cousins, and lastly, and very much to have, your chairman, and our moderator as my uncle and the minister of Biggar, and what is more, and of the Biggar manse—the man of whom the Upper Ward says—'We may leave without Dr. Smith, but nobody can do without him.' My younger sister and brother are still deeper dyed, having Ebenezer Erskine and Mr. Fisher as their forebears. So you see I am a very Hebrew of the Hebrews, and say, with my whole heart, long life to the Synod! I for one in no way desire its going to any body's door and asking admission. Our own door is open to all comers on our own terms."

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND BOOK-HAWKING UNION held their annual meeting in Willis's Rooms on the 3rd inst.; Viscount Eversley in the chair. The report of the committee stated that they were making steady progress in their work. In no single district had the sales reached the maximum of the preceding year, but the general average had been higher, amounting to about 3*l.* 18*s.* per week for each hawker, as far as might be gathered from the returns which the committee had received. That average, multiplied by the number of hawkers employed by societies connected with the Union, which was upwards of eighty, gave a total of about 16,000*l.* as the amount received, chiefly from the labouring classes, for books and prints distributed through the instrumentality of such societies. From the balance-sheet it appeared that the total income of the Union during the year had been 252*l.* 6*s.* 7*d.*, and the expenditure 248*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*, leaving a balance of 4*l.* 0*s.* 1*d.* to be carried to the increase of capital. Sir John Pakington, in moving the adoption of the report, said, that although it was only some ten or eleven years ago that a Book-Hawking Society was first established in Hampshire by the Bishop of Rochester, they had now extended to no less than thirty-four of the English counties, in some of which, the larger of them, two, three, four, and five of them had been established. He considered that of the many efforts which benevolence and Christian feeling had made, of recent years, to improve and instruct the labouring population, this book-hawking system had been one of the most useful and successful. They had ample proof of that fact in the report which had been read. It was not the number of books that had been sold and read that he relied so much on, as that those books had been sold to and read by the right description of people. For while some of these had been purchased by the gentry and the middle classes, as a means of showing an example to others, the bulk of them had been bought up by the labouring and working population. For instance, in Herefordshire he found that, out of 3445 purchasers of books in that county during the past year, 2445 were labourers, mechanics, and servants; 461 were tradesmen; and there were only 39 of the gentry and clergy. In other counties it was the same; and as another proof of the success of the system he was happy to say, that while in 1860 the books sold amounted to 12,000*l.*, last year the amount had risen to 16,000*l.*, which was an increase of 25 per cent in two years.

THE FRIENDS AND ADMIRERS OF MR. ISAAC PITMAN, the inventor of phonetic shorthand or phonography, and editor of the *Phonetic Journal*, have presented him with a purse containing \$500, and an elegant timepiece and vase.

MR. THACKERAY'S "Adventures of Philip" will be concluded, it is said, in the next number of the *Cornhill Magazine*. Mr. A. Trollope will then commence a tale, which will be followed by another from Mr. Wilkie Collins.

THE DEATH OF MISS MACPHERSON, the daughter of the author of "Ossian," at an advanced age, is announced by the *Inverness Courier*.

A COMPARATIVE GRAMMAR OF SOUTH AFRICAN LANGUAGES, by Dr. Bleek, will be published shortly by Messrs. Trübner and Co.

"UNION, DISUNION, and REUNION," is the title of another book forthcoming on the American question, by Mr. John L. O'Sullivan, late Minister of the United States to Portugal.

MR. G. J. HOLYOAKE'S recently started *Secular World*, has changed from a weekly to a monthly issue.

"THE SPAS OF EUROPE," by Dr. Julius Althaus, will be published this summer by Messrs. Trübner and Co.

THE ATLAS, after a long struggle for life, has made a new bid for success by changing its name to the *Englishman*.

WE UNDERSTAND that the translation of Mr. Tennyson's ode into Greek hexameters and anapæsts, which appeared in the *Times* of Monday last, with the initials "W. G. C.," is from the pen of Mr. Clarke, Public Orator in the University of Cambridge.

MRS. GORDON'S Memoir of her Father Professor Wilson ("Christopher North") will not be published by Messrs. Edmonston and Douglas until October. It will be comprised in two volumes illustrated with portraits and caricatures from sketches by the late John Gibson Lockhart.

A BIOGRAPHY of the late Frederick Lucas, the founder of *The Tablet* newspaper, and the member for Meath, who died in 1855, aged 43, is announced by Messrs. Bell and Daldy, written by Mr. C. J. Riethmüller, the author of "Teuton," an allegorical poem published about a year ago. Mr. Lucas was a remarkable man in various respects. He changed from a Quaker to a Roman Catholic, and though an Englishman he managed to identify himself thoroughly with Irish feelings and interests; in short, he is one that many people will feel really curious to know more about.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS have had a case of considerable importance decided for them by Mr. Commissioner Conblanque. Mr. Thickbroom, of Paternoster-row, undertook the publication of "Cathedra Petri." The author, Mr. Thomas Greenwood, of Gray's Inn, agreed to bear all the expenses, and allow Mr. Thickbroom a commission on the sale of the work. The book was issued with the publisher's name on the title-page, in the usual manner. The publisher unfortunately became a bankrupt, and the assignees took possession of all the unsold copies of the work, and claimed them as the bankrupt's property. The learned Commissioner rejected the claim of the assignees, and laid it down that books of an author in the hands of a publisher, for the purpose of sale on commission, were not within the order and disposition of the publisher on his bankruptcy.

THE CLERKS OF LAW STATIONERS, who have been thrown out of work by the Lord Chancellor's order requiring all documents in Chancery to be printed instead of written, as heretofore, have committed their case to Mr. Cox to bring before Parliament, but he has been singularly unfortunate in his attempt. His motion was first fixed for Tuesday, the 1st inst., when the House was counted out, and consequently it could not come on. It was then appointed for Tuesday, the 8th, when it was further postponed, in consequence of Mr. White's motion on China occupying the House until nearly one o'clock in the morning. It was therefore postponed, in preference to inviting defeat, to Friday, the 11th inst., when the House was for a second time counted out. When he will get a hearing it is hard to say. Meanwhile, many poor fellows are hanging about in the hope that the Chancellor's decision may be in some way reversed, of which we see no likelihood.

THE JURY AWARDS AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—Among the ten English Paper-makers who exhibit, six have received medals and two honourable mention. The six medals have been given to Mr. J. Barling for his paper and millboards made from hopbine; to Messrs. C. T. Hook and Co. for their writing papers made from straw; to Mr. T. Routledge for his paper made from half-stuff and Spanish grass; to Mr. T. H. Saunders for his hand and machine-made writing papers, bank-note papers, and transparencies; to Mr. J. W. Mouley for his millboards; and to Messrs. T. L. and J. Turnbull for their drawing and other boards. Honourable mention has been accorded to Messrs. Burgess and Ward for their paper from oat straw, and to Messrs. A. Greer and Co., of Cork, for their brown paper.

Thirty of the English Stationers out of the ninety who exhibit have received medals, and twenty-one honourable mention. Medals have been awarded to Messrs. P. and J. Arnold for their ink; to Messrs. Hyde and Co. for their ink and sealing-wax; to Mr. F. Mordan for his gold pens tipped with alloy of osmium and iridium; to Messrs. Banks and Co., Brookman and Langdon, B. S. Cohen, and Woolf and Sons, for their black-lead pencils; to Mr. G. Waterston for his sealing-wax; to Messrs. R. Barclay, W. Brown and Co., Goodhall and Dinsdale, Jones and Causton, Marcus Ward and Co., and Tanner Brothers, for their account-books and mercantile stationery; to Messrs. Bauer-richter and Co. for their collection of pasteboard boxes well made and skilfully ornamented; to Messrs. F. W. Branton and J. M. Johnson and Son for their show tablets; to Messrs. Dobbs, Kidd, and Co. for their ornamental stationery and lace-papers; to Messrs. C. Goodall and Son, and J. Reynolds and Son, for their playing cards; to Mr. Owen Jones for superior designs for playing cards; to Messrs. Johnson and Rowe for their leather card-cases, pocket-books and purses; to Mrs. Higginson for her paper flowers; to Messrs. Law and Sons and J. L. Wilson for their bookbinders' cloth; to Messrs. Letts and Sons for their well-known diaries; to Mr. T. Martin for his seals engraved by machinery; to Mr. J. Mansell for linen ornaments, lace paper, table ornaments, and bouquet papers in great variety; and to Messrs. R. Wedgwood and Sons for their manifold writers. Messrs. T. L. and J. Turnbull, who appeared among the paper-makers, and there received a medal, reappear among the stationers, and again take a medal for their drawing boards.

Honourable mention has fallen to the lot of Messrs. Blackwood and Co., W. Lyons, and J. Sholl for their inks; to Messrs. H. Brooks and Co. for their inkstands, solidly made; to Mr. H. Webster for his portable inkstands with india-rubber spring stoppers; to Messrs. J. Perry and Co., for their collection of pencil-cases, pen-holders, inkstands, and elastic bands; to Messrs. W. Bemrose and Sons, J. Nicholson, and S. W. Rowsell for their account-books and stationery; to Messrs. Bradbury, Wilkinson, and Co., for their cheques and security documents; to Mr. Brettnall for tracing-papers and tracing-cloth; to Messrs. J. Corfield and Son for marbled papers and marbled edging of books; to Messrs. C. and E. Layton, G. Meek, and G. Pollard for ornamental stationery; to Messrs. Ortnay and Houle and H. Thompson for their heraldic and cameo seals; to Messrs. Robinson and Son for their card-board boxes; to Mr. R. Wilson for his black-lead pencils; to Messrs. Woolley

and Co. for their drawing boards; and to Mr. J. S. Wyon for his heraldic engraving.

The publishers who have received medals are: Messrs. S. Bagster and Sons, for their Polyglot Bible; Messrs. Bell and Daldy; Longman and Co.; S. Low, Son, and Co.; J. Murray; and Smith, Elder, and Co., for the general excellence of their publications. Mr. C. Knight receives a medal for his "English Cyclopædia," and Messrs. Bradbury and Evans one for their volume of "Nature Printed Ferns." The type-founders honoured with medals are Messrs. V. and J. Figgins, H. W. Caslon and Co., Miller and Richard, the Patent Type-founding Company, and Stephenson, Blake, and Co. Mr. S. Austin, of Hertford, gets a medal for elegance and skill in printing; Mr. W. M. Watts, one for his Oriental types; Messrs. Bradbury, Wilkinson, and Co., one for their bank-note printing; and Messrs. R. Clay, Son, and Taylor, one for their skill in printing woodcuts. Miss Faithfull receives a medal for good printing by female labour, and Mr. George Wallis one for his new invention of auto-typography. Messrs. Vincent Brooks, Day and Son, M. and N. Hanhart, and Standige and Co., each get a medal for their chromo and other lithography. Mr. W. Dickes gets a medal for his oil-colour printing; the Electro-block Printing Company one for their expanding and reducing electro-blocks; Messrs. Hughes and Kimber one for their plates for engraving; Messrs. Leighton Brothers one for their surface colour printing by machinery; Mr. W. J. Linton one for engraving for surface printing; Messrs. Maclure, Macdonald, and Macgregor, one for lithographic printing by machinery; Messrs. McQueen Brothers one for plate printing; and Messrs. Leighton and Leighton one for wood-engraving, &c. Messrs. Parsons, Fletcher, and Co., and B. Smith and Son each take a medal for their printing ink.

Honourable mention only is bestowed on Messrs Dulau and Co., and Trübner and Co., for their publications; on Messrs Griffith and Farran, J. Hogg and Sons, W. Kent and Co., and S. W. Partridge, for their cheap illustrated books; on Mr. L. Booth, for his reprint of the first edition of Shakespeare; on Mr. W. Collins, for his cheap Bibles; on Mr. W. Mackenzie, for his Bible illustrated with photographs; on Messrs. Ashby and Co., for skilful engraving; on the Bank of England, for skill in surface printing; on Mr. J. Bishop, for engraving by clockwork; on Messrs. W. H. Bonnewell and Co., for wood types; on Messrs. Guiton and Menuel, for letter cutting; on Messrs. Hayman Brothers, for ornamental printing; on Messrs. V. Morel and Co., for electroplates; on Messrs. G. Rowney and Co., and T. Underwood, for chromo-lithographs; on Mr. H. Silverlock, for printed cards; on Mr. J. Skinner, for glyptography; on Mr. G. De Lacy, for tool cutting; on Mr. F. Ullmer, for printing materials; on Messrs. R. W. Sprague and Co., and Mr. Waller, for lithography; and on Mr. B. Winstone, for printing ink.

In Bookbinding, medals have been awarded to Messrs. S. Bagster and Son, "for Bible work upon flexible backs;" to Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, for Bible work of superior quality and cheapness; to Mr. F. Bedford, for ornamental binding of the highest class in point of workmanship and finish; to Messrs. W. Bone and Son, for superiority of cloth work; to Mr. A. Chatelin, for superiority in hand-tooling and excellence in finish; to Mr. M. M. Holloway, for elegance of design and taste in finish; to Messrs. Jenner and Knewstubb, for ornamental leather work; to Mr. J. Leighton, for excellence in cloth work, exhibited as prepared for binding; to Mr. W. Leuchars, for taste and execution in leather work; to Mr. Riviere, for superiority in finish and taste in design; to Messrs. Westleys and Co., for general excellence in detail and solidity of work; and to the trustees of the late J. Wright, for excellence in blind tooling and forwarding. Honourable mention is given to Messrs. Bamrose and Son, J. Jeffrey, J. and J. Leighton, Leighton, Son, and Hodge, T. Raines, J. Ramage, J. Tonkinson, and J. Zahndorf.

As amongst the jurors, who are also exhibitors, were Messrs. Charles Cowan, and Adam Black, and C. Reed, of the firm of R. Besley and Co., their contributions were passed unnoticed.

UNITED STATES.—Mrs. Wood's "East Lynne" has been dramatized, and received with much favour in the Boston Theatre.

PRINTING ON SHIPBOARD.—Com. Goldsborough has a complete printing-press and apparatus on board his flag-ship, by means of which he strikes off copies of all his orders, letters, and despatches for the seventy vessels of his fleet, thereby economising time and labour, and avoiding errors.

DR. PHILIP BODMAN, the American Consul at Tenerife, who, in a fit of insanity, committed suicide at Homburg last year, has bequeathed his fortune, consisting chiefly of Virginia and Ohio State Bonds, to the London Society for Printing and Publishing the Writings of Swedenborg. Of Swedenborg's works he was a most enthusiastic reader and admirer.

JAPANESE TRAVELS IN THE UNITED STATES.—A correspondent of the *Russian Marine Journal* notices two Japanese works published during the past year. The first is a description of the voyage of the Japanese Embassy to the United States, in two volumes, illustrated. The drawings, says the correspondent, are ridiculous, the portraits monstrous; still, there is some truth in them. One of the most remarkable is the portrait of a Washington belle, with the Japanese title, "National Beauty of the First Order." There are also views of the city of Washington, drawings of various animals, of a school, of a wedding, &c. The second work, in two volumes octavo, of twenty sheets each, with portraits and views of cities, has the title, "O rama e toki cane koku banasi"—that is, historical description of all the States. The cover of the first volume represents a European lady with a fan, red ostrich feathers on her head, and a very wide dress, probably supported by a crinoline. This volume contains portraits of Peter I., Napoleon, Queen Victoria, and the President of the United States, views of Paris, of an English cannon foundry, ship-yard, &c. Some of the portraits are rather ridiculous. Thus, Napoleon is represented in a blouse of figured stuff, with a little cap on his head, long hair flowing down on his shoulders, slippers on his feet, sitting on a chair, and holding in his hand a vase in the shape of a gravy dish. The author's name is Inabaki.

FRANCE.—"LES MISÉRABLES" BY VICTOR HUGO.—Three original French editions are being printed at the same time—one at Paris, one at Brussels, and one at Leipzig. The number of copies struck off up to last week is 40,000. Besides the numbers sold in France, 3000 copies have been sold in Italy; in Russia, 2200; Spain, 800; Portugal, 500; Greece, 100; England, 1700; Holland, 650; and the United States, 350. There also exist nine foreign translations of the work. The unauthorised editions are not reckoned in the above figures.

BELGIUM.—The *Nord* of Brussels has been cast in damages for a libel on Dr. Bernard, who was charged with complicity in the Orsini plot in 1858. The libel complained of consisted of some severe remarks on his acquittal in London. The case has been carried from court to court, and is at length finally decided. The judgment is against the *Nord*, the court being of opinion that the acquittal of Dr. Bernard by an English jury renders the remarks made calumnious. The *Nord* is condemned to pay 1000*fr.* damages and all the expenses, and to insert the decree in its columns three times, on the first page, in type corresponding with that in which the libel was printed.

TRADE NEWS.

PARTNERSHIPS DISSOLVED.—T. Castle and E. Sweetapple, Hurstborne Priors, paper-makers.

B. Gordon and C. Frank, Bristol, printersellers.
Glover and Co., Bradford, Yorkshire, stationers; as far as regards J. Drake.
Fawcett and Co., Bradford, Yorkshire, printers.
D. and D. R. Marshall, Gerrard-street, pocket-book makers.
R. C. and A. K. Sutton, Nottingham, newspaper proprietors.

BANKRUPTS.—Samuel Holwell Weatherdon, Bexley Heath, printer, July 29, at ten.

John Henshaw, 1, Westminster-bridge-road, advertising agent, July 22, at one.

Robert Mayston, Mintern-street, Hoxton, printer, July 19, at eleven.

Thomas Hanson, Coventry, printer, July 28, at twelve.

R. Threadgould, Attercliffe, near Sheffield, news-agent, July 23, at two.

SCOTTISH SEQUESTRATION.—William Corns, Edinburgh, bookbinder.

MESSRS. ALEXANDER STRAHAN AND CO. have removed their business from Edinburgh, to 32, Ludgate-hill, from which *Good Words* will henceforth be published.

MR. HOLMES, 48, Paternoster-row, has recently disposed of the following businesses: Mr. Littler's, Waltham Abbey; Miss Potter's, Old Kent-road; Mr. Johnson's, Dorking; Mr. Gardner's, Peterborough; and Mr. Haines, Maidenhead, all well known and old established businesses.

IMPORTANT TO GENERAL PRINTERS.—A case of some importance to general printers came on at the Bristol County Court, before Sir J. Eardley Wilmot. Mr. Pomfrey, a printer, of Bristol, sued Mr. Carrill, for a sum of money, due for the printing of a number of handbills. The handbills in question bore as imprint the words "Johnson and Co., printers, London." The answer to the claim was, that the plaintiff could not recover because he had failed to comply with the law by not putting his proper name to the handbills. The plaintiff urged that it was a common practice for printers to send out their bills without their names, and that in this case he had put on the fictitious names at the request of the defendant. The clause of the Act of Parliament provides that every printer who issues a printed paper that did not contain his or her name and usual place of abode or business was liable to forfeit 5*l.* for every paper so issued. The judge said it was important matter, and it should be known, that if documents for publication were printed without a printer's name the printer could not recover.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.—KEATINGE AND ANOTHER v. STEWART—STEWART v. KEATINGE AND ANOTHER.—The first was an action to recover the price of printing two numbers of a monthly magazine. The defendant pleaded never indebted and payment. The plaintiffs claimed 79*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*, allowing some credits. The plaintiffs are printers in the City, and the defendant is the proprietor and projector of the *Rose and Shamrock* magazine. The defendant, a literary lady, in February, 1862, employed the plaintiffs to print her magazine, which they undertook to do for 37*l.* 10*s.* per month, or for each issue, printing 1500 copies of 112 pages demy octavo. The printing was to be paid for "month under month," that is, the payment of the first number was not to be made until the issue of the second, and so on. The first number was issued on the 1st April, 1862, and contained only 100 pages instead of 112. The plaintiffs assigned that mistake to the defendant not having sent "copy" sufficient. The defendant on the other hand, insisted that sufficient "copy" to go on with was with the plaintiffs. It was admitted that a "proof" of the pages had not been sent to the defendant, and some amusement was occasioned in court by reading the transformations which a few printers' errors had wrought in the text. The defendant also contended that the time for the payment of the printing of the second number (which was published on the 1st of May) had not arrived when this action was brought. The plaintiffs, however, insisted that when breach was by the defendant made in not paying for the first number, the contract was rescinded, and that that entitled the plaintiffs to sue for the value of the work. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiffs for 62*l.* His lordship ordered stay of execution to give the defendant an opportunity of moving to reduce the verdict on bringing 3*l.* into Court. The cross action stands over for hearing at the next sitting of the court.

MR. BERTRAM, of Edinburgh, the well-known maker of paper-making machinery, is now engaged in erecting extensive paper-drying machinery for Mr. Joynson, of St. Mary's Cray. One of the machines there for making writing papers has no less than thirty steam drying cylinders, each three feet in diameter. The paper is thence conducted through a sizing apparatus, whereby it is covered with animal gelatine, which is afterwards pressed into the paper; thence it is to be taken over a succession of no less than 272 drying drums, occupying a space of ninety feet in length, and fifty feet in height. Such is the extent of surface developed by these drums, that although the web of paper moves at the rate of fifty feet per minute, its passage over the whole series of drums occupies one hour. It is well known that after writing paper has once passed the sizing apparatus, it ought not to be exposed to the heat of steam drying cylinders. Slowly dried writing-papers—those, for instance, made by hand—have great strength; but machine-made papers, quickly dried, are apt to be brittle and generally weak. Mr. Joynson anticipates, with the aid of Mr. Bertram's new machinery, that he will be able to turn out machine-made papers equal in strength to those made by hand. One of Mr. Joynson's present drying machines has 130 drums, a number which will be more than doubled in his new machine. We may here mention another of Mr. Bertram's machines, erected by him for Charles Collins, Esq., of the Hele mill, Exeter. It is 88 inches wide, and has sixteen drying cylinders, each 34 feet in diameter. It runs at the rate of 110 feet per minute, and makes 25 tons of paper weekly.

BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

ENGLISH.

Æsop's Fables, with Preface, by Croxall, illustrated, new edition, 32mo 1*s.*
Ahn's Manual of French Conversation, crown 8vo 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Annual Register for 1861, Vol. CIII. 8vo 1*s.* boards
Arrivabene's Italy under Victor Emmanuel, 2 volumes 8vo 7*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Baynes's Lyra Anglicana, 2nd edition, foolscap 8vo 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Baylis's Loving Service; or, a Sister's Influence, foolscap 8vo 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Bohn's Cheap Series: "Irving's Life and Letters," Vol. I., post 8vo 2*s.*
Bonycastle's Arithmetic, edited by Rowbotham and Maynard, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Brinkman's Ride in Cashmere, post 8vo 8*s.* 6*d.* cloth
British Controversialist, 1862, Vol. I. 12mo 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Brook's Penny Wise and Pound Foolish, 12mo 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Brother Help; or the Heroism of Humanity and Benevolence, 7*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Brown on Ovarian Dropsy, post 8vo 7*s.* cloth
Byles's Law of Bills of Exchange, &c., 8th edition, 8vo 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Cabinet Lawyer, 19th edition, foolscap 8vo 10*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Calthrop's Warnings, &c., of Passion Week and Easter Day, 3*s.* cloth
Champney's Family Prayers for a Month, 2nd edition, foolscap 8vo 2*s.* cloth
Clough's (A. H.) Poems, with a Memoir by Palgrave, foolscap 8vo 6*s.* cloth
Curling's Mary Graham, 2 vols. post 8vo 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth
De Poe's Robinson Crusoe, new edition, with Memoir, 8vo 5*s.* cloth
De Lisle's Sabbath and the Sunday, 8vo 1*s.* sewed
Dibdin's History of West-street Episcopal Chapel, London, 5*s.* cloth
Dickens's Pic-Nic Papers, cheap edition, foolscap 8vo 2*s.* boards
Doll and her Friends, 4th edition, 16mo 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth

Du Terrail's King's Page, translated by Wraynall, foolscap 8vo 1*s.* sewed
Ellison's Slavery and Secession in America, 2nd edition, crown 8vo 10*s.* 6*d.*
Every Body's Book, new edition, crown 8vo 8*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Gatty's Melchior's Dream and other Tales, edited by Mr. Gatty, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Goldsmith's History of England, new edition, 8vo 7*s.* cloth 8vo 1*s.* sewed
Farm and Fruit of Gold: 1st and 2nd Georgia of Virgil, foolscap 8vo 1*s.*
Fletcher's History of Revival of Independency, cheap edition, Vol. III. 1*s.*
Gardner's Clinical Medicine, crown 8vo 12*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Gamble Norge; or, Our Holiday in Scandinavia, 12mo 3*s.* cloth
Gatty's Melchior's Dream and other Tales, edited by Mr. Gatty, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Goldsmith's History of England, new edition, 8vo 7*s.* cloth 8vo 1*s.* sewed
Grant's Memorials of the Castle of Edinburgh, 2nd edition, foolscap 8vo 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Gronow (Capt.) Reminiscences of, crown 8vo 9*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Hanna's Last Day of our Lord's Passion, 3rd edition, foolscap 8vo 5*s.* cloth
Hare's Thoughts on the Dwellings of the People, foolscap 8vo 1*s.* sewed
Hefmann's: a Romance, foolscap 8vo 6*s.* cloth
Howe's Works, new edition, Vol. II. 8vo 5*s.* cloth
Humble's Debate in Convocation on Scottish Liturgy, 12mo 1*s.* 6*d.* sewed
Indian Army and Civil Service List, July 1862, 12mo 6*s.* sewed
Influence of Railway Travelling on Public Health, foolscap 8vo 1*s.* cloth
Jerram's Thoughts on a Revelation, 8vo 2*s.* cloth
Laurie's Northern Europe: Local, Social and Political, 8vo 12*s.* cloth
Linton's Colossal Vestiges of the Older Nations, post 8vo 8*s.* cloth
Lytton's Novels, Library Edition, "Godolphin," foolscap 8vo 3*s.* cloth
Macdonald's Lucilla, an Italian Story, 2 vols. post 8vo 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth
McCauley's Testimonies of the Divine Inspiration of Scripture, 4*s.* 6*d.*
Martin's Progress and Present State of British India, crown 8vo 10*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Mason's Civilising Mountain Men, crown 8vo 5*s.* cloth
Mason's Old Library and its Tales, foolscap 8vo 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Mauder's Biographical Treasury, 12th edition, royal 18mo 10*s.* cloth
Melville's Queen's Maries, 2 vols. post 8vo 1*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Melville's Letters from Italy and Switzerland, 2nd edition, 9*s.* 6*d.*
Molesworth's Plain Lectures on Astronomy, crown 8vo 1*s.* sewed
My Country, edited by Broome, Part V. 18mo 1*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Observational Astronomy, edited by Singg, crown 8vo 4*s.* cloth
Observations on the Treatment of Convicts in Ireland, 8vo 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth
O'Neill's Dictionary of Calico Printing and Dyeing, Part I. 8vo 1*s.*
Palgrave's Fiction in the International Exhibition, 8vo 1*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Pardon's Guide to the International Exhibition, new edition, 1*s.* sewed
Parlour Library: "The Jilt," foolscap 2*s.* boards
Popular Science Review, edited by Samuelson, Vol. I. 8vo 12*s.* cloth
Pratt on Eccentric and Centric Force, 8vo 10*s.* cloth
Pratt's Paraphrase on the Revelation of St. John, 8vo 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Pratt's Commentary on the Epistles, Part I., Romans, 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth
*Pulpit (The) Vol. LXXXI. 8vo 7*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Punch, Vol. XLII. 4to 8*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Pycroft's Cricket-Field, 4th edition, foolscap 8vo 5*s.* half-bound
Ranking and Radcliffe's Abstract of the Medical Sciences, 6*s.* 6*d.* cloth
"Recommended to Mercy," second edition 3 volumes post 8vo 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Reid's Handbook of History of United States, foolscap 8vo 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Ronald's Fly-Fisher's Entomology, 6th edition, 8vo 1*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Ruskin, Selections from the Writings of, new edition, post 8vo 6*s.* cloth
Ryan's Infanticide: its Laws, Prevalence, &c., foolscap 8vo 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth
St. James's Magazine, Vol. IV., 8vo 5*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Sala's Accepted Addresses, crown 8vo 7*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Scenes and Narratives from the Early History of America, 2*s.* cloth
Scott's Miscellaneous Works, new edition, Vols. XXIII. and XXIV., each 3*s.* cloth
Shakespeare's Sonnets, Key to, by Barnstort, crown 8vo 6*s.* cloth
Shakespeare, Extracts from, for schools, cheap edition, 12mo 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Sharpe's London Magazine, Vol. XX., new series, royal 8vo 6*s.* cloth
Shirreff's Intellectual Education, new edition, crown 8vo 6*s.* cloth
Sidney (Sir Philip), Life of, by Lloyd, crown 8vo 7*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Simmons's Waste Products and Undeveloped Substances, 6*s.* cloth
Smeke's General Debility and Defective Nutrition, second edition, foolscap 8vo 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Smith's Aid to Private Prayer, 18mo 1*s.* cloth
Smith's Sins and Wretchedness of Christendom: Sermons, post 8vo 6*s.*
Symington's Harebell Chimes on Summer Memories, foolscap 8vo 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Taylor's Pictures in the International Exhibition, foolscap 8vo 1*s.* sewed
Temple Bar, Vol. V., 8vo 5*s.* 6*d.* cloth
Tyler's Doctrine and Practice of the Christian Life, foolscap 8vo 3*s.* 6*d.**

FRENCH.

Anquetil—Histoire de France depuis l'apparition des Gaulois jusqu'à la révolution de 1789. 8. 35*s.* Paris
Arago—Œuvres publiées d'après son ordre sous la direction de M. J. A. Barral. Tables, précédées d'une notice nécrologique sur les Œuvres d'Arago. 8. cxix-631 p. Paris. 15*r.*
Armatouf—La Russie historique, monumentale et pittoresque. T. I. 1re livraison. 8. 16*p.* Paris
Audebrand—Le Peintre sur porcelaine, scènes de la vie parisienne. 4. à 2 col. 5*p.* Paris
Berthoud—Secret de femme. Contes parisiens. 1*s.* 35*p.* Paris. 3*f.*
Berguignon—Le Roman d'un chrétien au dix-neuvième siècle. 1*s.* vi-325 p. Paris
Bouché—Étude historique sur les origines du jury. 8. 62*p.* Paris
Bouquet—Un drame en cinq actes, en trois actes. 8. 48*p.* Gannat
Chereau—Henri Monville, chirurgien de Philippe le Bel, Roi de France. 8. 100*p.* Caen
Chodzko—Adam Mickiewicz, hieron poiski wa wloszech Czoldestiezego osmogato wspominienie (przez Michala Chodzke). 8. viii-175 p. Paris. 12*f.*
Caverne (la) des brigands, ou les Bandits de la forêt; les crimes, les horreurs, &c., qu'ils ont commis. 1*s.* 18*p.* Paris
Cavour—Lettres inédites du comte de Cavour au commandeur Urbain Rattazzi. 1*s.* xv-275 p. Paris
Chimènes—Les Amours des anges, poèmes en trois chants, imité de l'Irlandais. 8. 18*p.* Bordeaux
Darwin—De l'origine des espèces, ou Des lois du progrès chez les êtres organisés. Traduit en français par Mlle. Clémence-Auguste Royer; avec une préface et des notes du traducteur. 1*s.* 4*p.* Paris. 5*r.*
Delcuzhe—Souvenirs de soixante années. 1*s.* 555*p.* Paris. 3*f.*
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